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Montreal, February 16, 1894

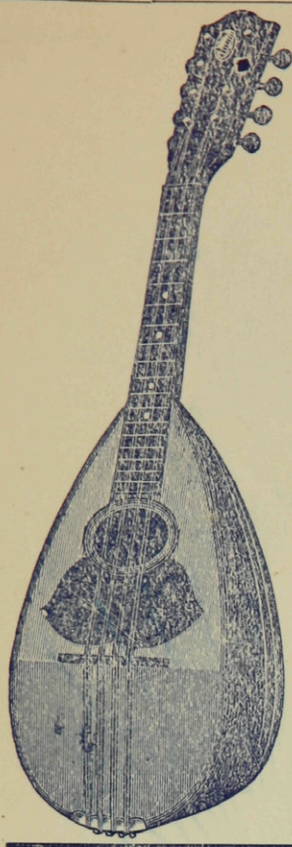
McGILL FORTNIGHTLY.

VOL. II. No. 10

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Editorial Comments	233
The Late Mr. Peter Redpath	233
The Result of the Prize Competition	233
Contributions	234
Books; what to read and how to read them	234
A Camp Story of the New Brunswick Lumber Woods	237
College Expenses at Harvard	241
Obituary—The Late Mr. Peter Redpath	245
Biography—Sir John William Dawson	246
Saxon Words, poetry	249
To "A Sweet Girl Graduate," poetry	250
Correspondence	250
Law Dinner	250
Societies	251
What? Where? When?	252b
Medical Class Reports	252b
Comp. Med. Class Reports	252c
Arts Notes	252c
Feathers from the East Wing	252d
Science Jottings	252d

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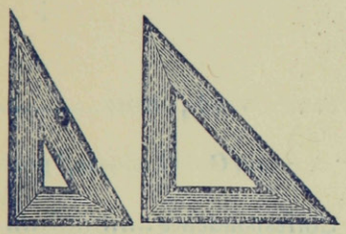
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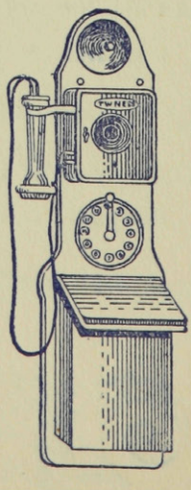
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McGILL FORTNIGHTLY

A Fortnightly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Event.

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

THE LATE MR. PETER REDPATH.

Within a comparatively short space of time McGill has been called upon to mourn the loss of two distinguished men closely identified with its interests. In October last Sir John Abbott, a former Dean of the Law Faculty and a member of the Board of Governors, was removed by death; and now that noble benefactor, Mr. Peter Redpath, has passed away. Those who were present at the opening of the New University Library last October, in which Mr. Redpath took part, apparently in good health and strength, will be surprised to hear of his unexpected death at his seat in Chislehurst, Kent, only two weeks ago. The deceased gentleman has always taken a foremost part in the charitable and educational works of the City. For some years he was President of the General Hospital and a Director of the Bank of Montreal. His work in the Fraser Institute is also well known. More particularly his name has been closely connected with McGill through his princely donations. In 1880 the Redpath Museum was presented by him to the University, and he expended upon it more than $10,000 additional to place it on an efficient basis. Last October he made a formal gift of the magnificent Library, at the opening of which Lord Aberdeen took a prominent part. This building in point of convenience and artistic taste is probably unrivalled on the continent. The noble reading-room with its carved timber roof and stained glass windows may well be termed "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," a fit casket for the treasures it contains. Besides these more notable gifts, Mr. Redpath endowed a Chair of Natural Philosophy in 1871 with the sum of $20,000, and gave liberally to other departments of the University. About 3000 handsome volumes on historical subjects also came from his liberal hand. The memory of such a man as this will be cherished so long as McGill itself shall stand. Not only will his fame be carved in stone till the end of time, but, more important still, the inspiration derived from the contemplation of the great literati of the world will have an effect coeval with Eternity itself. Such men as Mr. Redpath are scarce, and their loss is deeply felt. His memory will always be green in Montreal. All will feel the greatest sympathy with Mrs. Redpath and the relatives.

THE RESULT OF THE PRIZE COMPETITION.

Those who took part in the recent literary competition started by the FORTNIGHTLY will doubtless by this time be full of anxiety to hear the result. On another page will be found the official report of the judges. Five stories were handed in. None of these were considered worthy of the first prize, inasmuch as they did not come up to the standard which might have been expected from such a body of students as those at McGill. The second prize, ten dollars, was awarded to Mr. Wilbert B. Mowatt, B.A., of the Faculty of Medicine, for his story entitled "A Camp Story of the New Brunswick Lumber Woods," which will be found in the present issue. It is regrettable that many more were not interested enough to compete. The money value to be obtained was not great, but nevertheless not to be despised as things go nowadays. Apart, however, from this aspect of the case, the writer himself is a distinct gainer by the effort, even should he not be so fortunate as to secure the first place. It may not be given to everyone to be *facile princeps* in everything he undertakes, but it is certainly better for the individual to have tried and failed rather than never to have tried at all. Success is only to be gained at the cost of repeated failure.

Many of us when reading our evening paper beside the fire have been greatly interested with some thrilling tale well-told which has enchained our attention, till we arrive at the end only to find with disgust that we have been taken in by an account of the virtues of "Blood-bitters" or some other magic panacea. We are coming now to the thorn in our own recital; but read on to the end. What we are going to say now, we say with some diffidence, yet hope that it will be received as it is offered, with the kindest good nature. But, *horribile dictu*, as dear old Virgil would say, the spelling! You would hardly expect a man to erect a very handsome house, who was ignorant of the uses of bricks and mortar. Neither would you expect a very good story to be couched in mis-spelled words and indifferently punctuated sentences. Only when the groundwork is perfect should the writer aim at embellishment. Surely a competitor in a literary contest should be above reproach in such matters. These may seem to some unimportant matters, but they make all the difference between failure and success. This is a gentle hint which we trust will be taken in good part. The FORTNIGHTLY is not by any means immaculate in this respect, but then we can always blame the compositor or the proof-reader.

Should our successors see fit to hold another competition next year, we trust that not *five* but *fifty* stories will be handed in, and that all may be worthy of a prize. It only remains for us to congratulate the winner on his success and thank the judges for their kindness.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

BOOKS; WHAT TO READ, AND HOW TO READ THEM.

Concluded.

"I have no time to read," is a common complaint of those whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous reading.

They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake. It isn't the books we finish at a sitting which always do us the most good. Those we devour in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at the time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

It is the habit of reading rather than the time at our command that helps us on the road to learning. Many of the most cultivated persons, whose names have been famous as students, have given only two or three hours a day to their books. If we make use of spare minutes in the midst of our work, and read a little, if but a page or a paragraph, we shall find our brains quickened and our toil lightened by just so much increased satisfaction as the book gives us. Nothing helps along the monotonous daily round so much as fresh and striking thoughts, to be considered while our hands are busy. A new idea from a new volume is like oil which reduces the friction of the machinery of life. What we remember from brief glimpses into books often serves as a stimulus to action, and becomes one of the most precious deposits in the treasury of our recollection. All knowledge is made up of small parts, which would seem insignificant in themselves, but which, taken together, are valuable weapons for the mind and substantial armour for the soul. "Read anything continuously," says Dr. Johnson, "and you will be learned." The odd minutes which we are inclined to waste, if carefully taken advantage of for instruction, will, in the long run, make golden hours and golden days that we shall be ever thankful for.

If you have an hour to spare from your labour, give it to reading and the enjoyment of your home. Work up that spare hour to your intellectual advantage. An hour a day amounts at the end of the year to 365 hours. In that space how many valuable books may be read; how much pleasure enjoyed!

It is to be regretted that well selected collections of books are so rarely to be seen; for the most part they are made up of gaily bound gift-books, biographies of the celebrities of the hour, ephemeral novels, and a sprinkling of poetry, scattered on parlour tables.

But if it is intended to commence in a systematic way to provide the home with a library, I would begin with a few well chosen books of reference, a good dictionary, a good book on modern geography, and an encyclopædia, as a substantial basis upon which to erect a superstructure as elaborate and ornate as taste and money will allow.

If in a household the children be encouraged to find entertainment in curious facts in science and history, they will be less tempted toward sensational literature with its train of evil lessons.

Books are my friends; they stand silent and unobtrusive, until my pleasure calls them forth and bids them speak; and then each, according to the complexion of his mind, either arouses within me dormant energies, excites my mirth, or strengthens me with sound philosophy. Pleasant friends are they; speaking only when I will—always in season. Men of mark, too, are they all; men who have made a noise in the world, but their renown has been gained in the quiet paths of literature. I turn to the pages of the philosopher-poet Longfellow, and read "what the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist," words which stir the blood like the tones of a trumpet, filling the heart with new and worthy resolutions. He it is who discourses eloquently of the charities of life, rendering them abundantly desirable and their exercise pleasing. He is at once the sweet poet and the pure preacher, ever frowning on vice and encouraging virtue. And when desirous of looking into the tomb,

meditating upon the final destination of all flesh, I look about me for a teacher and a companion, I find one in the author of "Thanatopsis," and listening to his words falling on the ear almost like the words of inspiration, I derive therefrom unwonted strength.

Among those who fill my shelves, there are many to whom I owe much; many who have taught me by their experience, and encouraged me with their exhortations. I love *the old writers;* those witnesses of the manners and thoughts of bygone days;—who take us back centuries, into the quaint old times when men in their simplicity of character were indeed but "children of a larger growth." When there was more charity in the world and less heartlessness. When men spoke as they thought and acted as they spoke. I love them for their noble lessons, their unceasing exhortations to piety and the consequent love of our brethren. To these am I greatly indebted, and hope to be more so, for the fountain of their wisdom is inexhaustible. With some of these I am intimate; with others, I hold frequent converse, and derive from all something valuable in the every-day occupations of life. Some abound with the mirth that sports with the ills of life, laughing philosophers, and some bewail the degeneracy of man, pointing out wisely the remedy, the better way, and each brings something into the storehouse of wisdom. Such are my friends, fast and unwavering, whom misfortune cannot affect; who in prosperity teach me humility, and in adversity inspire me with courage.

> Ye pleasant books, that silently among
> Our household treasures take familiar places,
> And are to us as if a living tongue
> Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces.
>
> Books, we know,
> Are a substantial world, when pure and good:
> Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
> Our pastimes and our happiness will grow.

I was reading the other day an old English ballad, written 300 years ago, and it told the longing of the author in these lines:—

> "O for a booke, and a shadie nooke eyther indoore or out,
> With the green leaves whisp'ring overhede, or the street cries all about,
> Where I maie reade, all at my ease, both of the Newe and Olde,
> For a right good Booke, whereon to looke, is better to me than Golde."

Some one has said: "I would never call the man friendless who has God and good books."

"When I am reading a book," says Dean Swift, "whether wise or silly, it seems to be alive and talking to me."

Goldsmith said: "The first time I read a good book, "it is just as if I had gained a new friend; and when I "read it again, it is as if I had met an old one."

And so we all say, who have found out this lovely secret for ourselves.

Charles Lamb says of "Books and Reading":—

"At the hazard of losing some credit on this head, I "must confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion "of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away "my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself "in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I "am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for "me. I can read anything which I call 'a book.' "There are things in that shape which I cannot "allow for such.

"In the catalogue of books which are *no books* I "reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, "Scientific Treatises, Almanacs, Statutes at Large, "and generally all those volumes which no gentle"man's library should be without. With these excep"tions, I can read anything. I bless my stars for a "taste so catholic, so unexcluding."

Again, Lamb says of "Thomson's Seasons" and "The Vicar of Wakefield": "They look best a little "torn and dog-eared. How beautiful to a lover of "reading are the sullied leaves and worn-out appear"ance of an old Circulating Library edition of "them; who would have them a whit less soiled? "What better condition could we desire to see them "in? How they speak of the thousand thumbs that "have turned over their pages with delight!"

I would recommend you to read an Essay on "Books" by Emerson, which contains a rare fund of information.

You will probably remember that the *Pall Mall Gazette* issued a circular inviting a number of eminent men to furnish a list of the best 100 books, and Sir John Lubbock's list has been generally accepted as the best furnished; but there were some notes from various authorities which are worth referring to.

Mr. Bond, the principal librarian of the British Museum, wrote:

"The beginner should be advised to read histories "of the literature of his own and other countries—as "Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe, "Joseph Warton's History of English Poetry, Craik's "History of English Literature, and others of the "same class. These would give him a survey of the "field, and would quicken his taste for what was "naturally most congenial to him."

We may note one or two of the most important criticisms:

The Prince of Wales very justly suggested that Dryden should not have been omitted from such a list.

Mr. Chamberlain asked whether the Bible was excluded by accident or design.

Mr. Irving, the actor, suggested that the Bible and Shakespeare form together a very comprehensive library.

John Ruskin's reply was characteristic and interesting; he added but little, contenting himself with the work of destruction. He wrote:—

"Putting my pen through the needless, I leave enough "for a life's liberal reading. Of travels, I read all the "old ones I can get hold of; of modern, Humboldt is "the central model."

To Plato he added the word ALL; to Carlyle, EVERYTHING; and to Scott, EVERY WORD.

He struck out all the Theology and Devotion, with the exception of Jeremy Taylor and John Bunyan; all the philosophers but Bacon.

Southey, Longfellow, Swift, Hume, Macaulay, Emerson and Goethe are all so unfortunate as to have Mr. Ruskin's pen driven through their names.

Among the novelists, Dickens and Scott only are left. The names of Thackeray, George Eliot, Kingsley and Bulwer-Lytton are all erased.

Archdeacon Farrar gave, perhaps, the best test for a favorite author, that is, the selections of his works in the event of all others being destroyed. He wrote:

"If all the books in the world were in a blaze, the first 12 which I would snatch out of the flames would be: The Bible, Imitatio Christi, Homer, Æschylus, Thucydides, Tacitus, Virgil, Marcus Aurelius, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth. Of living authors, I would save first the works of Tennyson, Browning and Ruskin."

Another excellent test is that set up by travellers and soldiers. A book must be good when one of either of these classes decides to place it among his restricted baggage. Mr. H. M. Stanley writes:

"You ask me what books I carried with me to take across Africa? I carried a great many—3 loads, or about 180 lbs. weight; but as my men lessened in numbers, stricken by famine, fighting and sickness, they were one by one reluctantly thrown away, until finally, when less than 300 miles from the Atlantic, I possessed only the Bible, Shakespeare, Carlyle's Sartor Resartus, Norie's Navigation, and the Nautical Almanac for 1877. Poor Shakespeare was afterwards burned by demand of the foolish people of Zinga, at Bonea; Carlyle and Norie and the Nautical Almanac were pitched away, and I had only the old Bible left. He then gives a list of the books which he allowed himself when setting out "with a tidy battalion of men."

Lord Wolseley writes:

"During the Mutiny and the China War, I carried a Testament, two volumes of Shakespeare, that contained his best plays, and since then, when in the field, I have always carried The Book of Common Prayer, Thomas a Kempis, and the Soldier's Pocket-Book. The book that I like reading at odd moments is 'The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.' He then adds for any distant expedition a few books of History: Creasy's Decisive Battles, Plutarch's Lives, Voltaire's Charles XII., Cæsar by Froude, and Hume's England. His fiction (!) is confined to Macaulay's History of England and the Essays.

Mr. Quaritch, the well known London bookseller, remarks: "In my younger days I had no books whatever beyond my school books. Arrived in London in 1842, I joined a Literary Institution, and read all their historical works. To read fiction I had no time. A friend of mine read novels all night long, and was one morning found dead in his bed."

If Mr. Quaritch intended this as a warning, he should present the fact for the consideration of those readers who swell the numbers of novels in the statistics in the public libraries.

Up to the period when free libraries were first formed in England, collections of books were usually intended for students; but when the Public Libraries Acts were passed, a great change took place, and libraries being formed for general readers, and largely with the idea of fostering the habit of reading, an entirely new idea of libraries came into existence. The old idea of a library was that of a place where books that were wanting could be found; but the new idea is that of an educational establishment, where persons who know little or nothing of books can go to learn what to read. The new idea has naturally caused a number of points to be discussed which were never thought of before.

Mr. F. B. Perkins of the Boston Public Library says: "It is vain to go on the principle of collecting books that people ought to read, and afterwards trying to coax them to read them. The only practical method is to begin by supplying books that people want to read, and afterwards to do whatever shall be found possible to elevate their reading tastes and habits."

Mr. Justin Winsor, of the Harvard Library, expresses a somewhat different view; he writes:

"Every year many young readers begin their experiences with the library. They find all the instructive reading they ought to have in their school books, and frequent the library for story books. These swell the issues of works of fiction, but they prevent the statistics of that better reading into which you have allured the older ones from telling as they should in the average."

At the opening of a public library at Spencer, Mass., one of the speakers said:

"I shall tell you a very simple story of my life. It was my lot to be born in a poor and small house, with the thirst in my nature, as far back as I can remember, for something to read. There were a few books in our small cottage, but these were among the best in the English tongue.

"The Bible and Bunyan and Goldsmith, with a few more I do not now remember; but there I read as you drink at clear, cool springs. Then a man came along and brought Burns with him, and another brought Shakespeare. My father borrowed these for me to read, and the world grew great and wide and wonderful to me as I read them, while to this day I notice that I care more for the History of England in Shakespeare's grand dramas than I do for Hume and Froude and Macaulay, so great was the spell cast over my life. Then a farmer came along with a couple of volumes, and said: 'Here, lad, I notice thou'rt fond of good reading, and I think thou wilt like to read these books.' It was Washington Irving's Sketch Book, and it was Christmas Day, and I was away from home, and lonesome, wanting to sit by the old fireside, but the magic wand of Irving touched me and stole away all my tears."

Gibbon said: "A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life; I would not exchange it for the wealth of the Indies," and so I say to anyone who may be where I was 50 years ago, when Burns won my heart, and Shakespeare, Bunyan, Goldsmith and Irving; and on a day which I still recall when Cooper came to me with the "Last of the Mohicans" and almost persuaded me to be an Indian.

The reading of books with religious teaching and religious influences cannot fail to produce a good result. I cannot do more than mention the names of some of the best of this class :—The Paradise Lost of John Milton, the Pilgrim's Progress of John Bunyan, The pure and charming writings of William Cowper, Young's Night Thoughts, Bickersteth's Yesterday, To-day and For Ever, and many other books of a similar character, will come to your recollection. I do not ask you to be reading at all times books which are regarded as religious, but I do ask to let all your reading be religious in the best and broadest meaning of the term, religious in respect for all that is divine and sacred, in advocacy of all that is right and good, and in the promotion of whatever tends to ennoble, regenerate and bless mankind. John Milton affirms : "As good destroy the life of a man as destroy a good book ; a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, treasured up for a life beyond life."

As an Englishman, I am proud of the literature of my country, the brightest, the purest, the most durable of all the glories of England ;—*that literature*, so rich in precious truth, and precious fiction ; *that literature*, which can boast of the prince of all poets, and the prince of all philosophers ; *that literature*, which has exercised a wider influence than that of her commerce, and mightier than that of her arms ; *that literature*, which forms a tie closer than the tie of consanguinity between us and the commonwealths of the Valley of the Mississippi ; *that literature*, before the light of which impious and cruel superstitions are fast taking flight on the banks of the Ganges ; *that literature*, which will in future ages instruct and delight the unborn millions who will have turned our Canadian forests and the deserts of Australia and Caffraria into cities, and cornfields, and gardens.

Let us wish it God-speed, and pray that wherever British literature spreads, it may be attended by British virtue and British freedom.

There is another class of books which I avoid, as nothing but harm can result from reading them ; it is nothing to me that a gaping multitude devours them wholesale ; I refer to such books as Robert Elsmere, John Ward, Preacher, *et hoc genus omne ;* Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and Bellamy's "Looking Backward," too, I plead guilty to having read, and mentally flogged myself afterwards for having wasted my time over them.

Mallock wrote a book, a few years since, entitled *"Is Life Worth Living ?"* I have not read the book, but I would answer his question in the affirmative, and in doing so, conclude with a verse, as Sam Weller in *Pickwick* finished his Valentine :—

Is life worth living ? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight ;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred foe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh ;
Long as a tale of anguish swells
The heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget ;
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
And loyal Hope survives,
And gracious Charity remains
To leaven lowly lives ;
While there is one untrodden tract
For Intellect or Will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.

Not care to live while English homes
Nestle in English trees,
And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
Her territorial seas !
Not live while English songs are sung
Wherever blows the wind,
And England's laws and England's tongue
Enfranchise half mankind !
So long as in Pacific main,
Or on Atlantic strand,
Our kin transmit the parent strain,
And love the Mother-land ;
So long as in her ocean Realm,
Victoria and her Line
Retain the heritage of the helm,
By loyalty divine ;
So long as flashes English steel,
And English trumpets thrill,
He is dead already who doth not feel
Life *is* worth living still.

H. M.

A CAMP STORY

OF THE

NEW BRUNSWICK LUMBER WOODS.*

Cast aside those well-thumbed books whose soiled pages denote the burning of midnight oil, my Student reader, and "fancy free" let us enter the solitudes where Nature rules supreme, where our only companions are her subjects, and her book alone is open for perusal.

'Tis in these wilds that the cunning beaver constructs his dam across some quiet stream, and, protected by the deepened water, builds his dwelling and lays up a plentiful supply of food for the coming winter. Here the shaggy bear roams unmolested through the tangled thicket, or climbs amid the branches of some lofty tree, bent on the robbery of a colony of bees, whose store of honey is hidden in the hollow trunk. Here the feathered songsters delight the ear with melody unequalled in purity by the finest productions of musical art.

The clear bracing air, the fragrance of many flowers, the freedom of a life in the open, will instil new buoyancy into spirits depressed by constant application, and give fresh tone to muscles grown stiff from inactivity.

Let us imagine ourselves transported far from the busy city, and from the noise and bustle of its streets, into the heart of the New Brunswick lumber woods.

* This story won the prize in the recent Competition.

We are standing on the top of a small hill. Its sides are thickly wooded, but a flat tablet of rock caps its summit. From this we can obtain an almost unobstructed view of the surrounding country.

As far as the eye can reach extends on every side a vast expanse of undulating woodland, with here and there the silvery sheen of water relieving the dark green of the foliage.

No settler with devastating axe has ever wakened the echoes in these forest arches. No bush-fire, that scourge of our lumber-woods, has ever swept through this region, transforming stately groves into a wilderness of bare and blackened trunks.

At our feet, cradled amid the hills, and thrown into alternate light and shade by their reflection, lies a little mountain lake fed by numerous springs bubbling out of the "living rock." Its glassy surface is scarcely disturbed by a cat's paw, and with tasselled heads the pines and hemlocks dance in its crystal depths.

Such is its beauty that no pen can adequately describe, nor brush portray the scene.

The slanting rays of the sun break through the fleecy clouds in the West, and warn us that it is high time to seek shelter from the dews of night. Reluctantly taking a parting look at the vision spread before us, we enter the thicket and begin the descent towards the lake.

No path is visible. The underbrush is thick and tangled. Windfalls and boulders, hidden by a luxuriant growth of ferns, are strewn everywhere in the utmost confusion. The way is very rough, and many a time the unwary come to grief. Gradually the course becomes smoother and the incline less marked, till at length, after half an hour's labor, we are treading ankle-deep in soft green moss, while far above us the wind sighs and moans among the swaying tops of the lofty monarchs of the forest. Straight ahead the glint of water attracts our notice, and threading our way through the maze of trunks, we come to a halt at the water's edge.

To the right and left a point juts far into the lake, forming a small narrow bay, at the apex of which we stand. Not far away, a noisy brook tumbles madly down the hillside, splashing into the lake with much fuss and foaming. Beside the brook, half hidden by the overhanging branches, a small log shanty is discerned.

One fine evening in June, 1890, three individuals might have been observed to emerge from the bush near the camp, and slowly bend their steps towards it. All three were travel-stained and worn. All carried knapsacks and rifles.

The first of the party was a middle-aged man, short, active and wiry in appearance, clad in the rough garb of a back-woodsman. On his broad shoulders was strapped a huge bundle of blankets, which he bore with the ease begotten of long practice on the portage. His face burned to a deep brown by the rays of the sun, the restless deep-set eyes, the ever ready rifle, denote him at first sight as "an old timer in the bush."

His companions were both youths, and though habited much the same, and tanned by exposure to the ravages of sun and wind, were plainly not old hands by any means. They lacked the characteristics of a woodsman born and bred. It was evidently with difficulty that they kept up with their untiring leader. Every movement betrayed fatigue. "City boys on a trip into the woods," you say, and you are right.

Thus, my reader, I introduce to you Will West, hunter and trapper by occupation; Louis Mac, and myself, students "roughing it" for a few weeks.

For two days, under the guidance of West, we had tramped over a typical New Brunswick swamp road, with its endless succession of cedar swamps, interspersed here and there with a few windfalls or snags to vary the monotony. Now and then a stream had to be crossed by a bridge formed from a fallen tree, or forded by wading through mud and water.

The eloquence of our guide, as he sang the praises of the sport to be found in this district, had prevailed on us; and so, weary and footsore, we at last found ourselves at Trout Lake, on the headwaters of the Keswick River.

The camp reached, knapsacks and rifles thrown down, we wiped the perspiration from our faces, and drawing a deep breath of satisfaction, took in our surroundings.

The blood-thirsty army of mosquitoes and black-flies which had stuck to us through all our adversities were soon driven off to a respectable distance by a suffocating cloud of smoke.

While West was preparing a supper of suitable proportions, and cutting firewood, Mack and I, with ardor for sport undiminished by hunger or fatigue, braved the hordes of the enemy hovering outside the bulwark of smoke, and sallied out to try a few casts at the brook's mouth.

Any number of small trout were playing on the surface, and now and then a larger one would leap clear out of the water in pursuit of a tempting fly.

At the first cast two or three greedy fellows rose to the flies at the same time. It was no trouble to catch all that one wished, but they were very small.

By the time we had a dozen speckled beauties lying on the beach, an ideal camp-fire was merrily crackling in front of the shanty, and the tea set aside to draw. The pangs of hunger at last overcame the desire for sport, and soon six fine fish were sizzling in the long-handled frying-pan. Have you ever tasted trout fresh from the water, cooked to a turn in butter, and— but I dare not trust myself further.

After the inner man had been fully satisfied (difficult though the task was) and the night's fire-wood cut, we set about "boughing" the bunks. Then we disposed ourselves comfortably in front of the blazing fire to enjoy a quiet smoke before retiring to sleep, or at least to fight "bite-mi-no-see-em's" (as the Indian calls them), and try to sleep.

The sun had run his course, and was now quickly disappearing behind the "Bald-headed Mularky," a distant hill named after its fancied resemblance to the head of a well-known lumber boss. The clouds were tinted with the roseate hues of evening.

The breeze had almost completely died away, and

hardly a leaf stirred overhead. The feathered denizens of the forest were silently winging their way to roost, and only the mournful "tu-whoo" of a lonely owl, the shrill cry and resounding "ping" of a night-hawk, or the weird quavering call of a loon, as he signalled his mate in some far-off cove, broke the stillness of the evening.

"Twinkling shadows arose, and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together."

The shadows deepened, and twilight soon changed into the darkness of night. The frogs in the reeds around the lake began their nightly chorus, all else seemed to be dropping off to sleep.

In front of the camp the fire flickered and sputtered, lighting up the faces of those around it, and sending its rays dancing among the trees, far out over the placid lake, still and indistinct in the darkness.

As we reclined before the fire, enjoying the warmth, and meditatively puffing clouds of fragrant smoke skywards, the fatigue of our long tramp and its hardships were almost forgotten. The impressive silence, broken only by the musical plash of the brook, the charm of our surroundings, cast a sort of spell over us. The minds of all wandered we knew and cared not whither.

Suddenly the moon, which had risen unnoticed behind a bank of clouds, sailed into the clear sky, flooding the landscape with her silvery light. The effect was indescribable.

As I gazed on the calm lake lying so peacefully in front, and the sombre background of forest, the beautiful words of the poet Longfellow came to mind:—

"This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like Harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

The spell was at last broken by the gruff but good-humored voice of our guide:

"Mighty fine night this! Mighty fine!" he observed, rising to his feet, and knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"How's the weather going to turn out for to-morrow's fishing?" enquired Mac from his couch near the fire, which was improvised for the occasion from a huge sheet of hemlock bark.

"Wall, I don't know fur sartin," replied the old hunter, closing one eye and examining the sky with the critical air of a weather expert; "but if signs count fur anythin', the big un's 'll be risin', an'—"

"We'll tend to the rest, eh boys?" interrupted Mac, and relapsed into that semi-conscious condition between sleeping and waking.

"I was jest thinkin'," continued West, "consarnin' a bit of a racket thet took place right here at this camp, an' on jest sich a night as this. 'Twar a racket an' no mistake. Ugh! It makes ther cold chills run down my back when I think on't."

"What's the matter with telling us about it?" said I, delighted at the prospects of a real good yarn, for West had a record of having gone through more adventures than any other man on the Keswick.

"I kinder hate to wake poor Mac up," he answered. "He's feelin' so alfired sleepy."

The expression on Mac's face, as he tried to appear wide awake all at once, was a study. It fairly convulsed West and myself with laughter. When we recovered our mental equilibrium Mac was wide awake.

"What the dickens are you fellows laughing at, any way?" said he. "I was no more asleep than you were. Go on with your yarn. If it's worth hearing I'll stay awake."

"All right," said our worthy guide, as he cut a handful of tobacco from an enormous plug. "I ain't much on a hand at tellin' a yarn, but I'll do ther best I kin."

"Fire ahead, old boy," said Mac.

"'Twar in the spring 'o '82 I think," began West, "thet I first struck this locality. Me an Jack Hanson hed heern tell so often 'bout ther lashin's 'o game ter be had here, thet we took out a huntin' limit 'twixt here an' ther Naashwaak nigh on to fourteen mile long, an' one fine day landed at ther lake here bag an' baggage. Talk about your rough tramps! Thar war no path, an' nary a lan' mark. 'Sides that, each on us hed a back-load o' traps an' grub. I tell ye, we were mighty glad w'en we struck ther lake.

"Fur nigh a week, we did nothin' but lay out traps, an' build dead-falls fur bear. Then we split camp, so's we could overhaul an' bait ther traps every day er so. Jack 'lowed he'd as leave camp at ther Naashwaak, so I sot up here.

"One fine evenin' 'bout a month arter we'd parted company, I war sittin' in front o' ther fire, havin' a quiet bit 'o a smoke, an' waitin' fur ther kettle ter bile, w'en I thought I heerd a faint haloo, soundin' like as if someone war hollerin' from 'way down yonder at ther far end o' ther lake.

"'Blamed if thet ain't Jack comin' over to see me,' sez I, an' answered him ther best I knowed how. My yell's no slouch of a sound w'en I've a mind to let loose in arnest.

"I war hustlin' 'round lively gettin' out ther grub, fur I reckoned Jack 'ud be empty like inside, w'en I heerd another haloo! It sounded sich a mighty sight nearer, thet I got a tolerable start. 'Thet beats me,' sez I to myself. 'Ther pard must be everlastin'ly comin' or his voice hez growed considerable sence I last heerd it.' Thar war also so'thin' shrill an' harsh 'bout it thet I'd never noticed afore.

"Fishin' a live coal out'n ther fire, ter light my pipe, I sot down an' listened. Hearin' nothin', I shouted fur all I war worth. Afore the echoes hed time ter die away, a yell like nothin' 'arthly rose from yon clump o' spruces ye see black agin' ther sky. It struck me all o' a heap. I war dumbfounded. Fur a minute I stood like a mummy, an' then broke fur ther camp, as if Old Nick war at my heels. Ther harsh voice war

clear to me then. I hed been answerin' an 'Injun Devil,' an' he war a comin' fur me red-hot an' lookin' fur trouble.

"Many a time old hunters had telled me fearful yarns consarnin' ther critters, how they'd holler like a man, an' foller a person fur miles waitin' a chance to drop on him off'n some tree.

"My teeth war chatterin', an I war shiverin' like a man with ther ague, as I slammed to the door, an' fastened it solid.

"Ther little windy was ther only op'nin' inter ther camp, an' by it I crouched rifle full cock. Big beads o' cold sweat war standin' on my face an' hands. I felt mighty streake'd I kin tell yes.

"Daylight war goin' fast, an' the woods gettin' darker an' darker every minute. A stray night bird ud now an' then give a mournful cry, an' ther frogs war callin' ter each other in ther swamps, an' dismal enough it sounded. As long's I live, I'll remember how them Whip-poor-Wills' kep' a callin' as if warnin' me. They knowed so'thin was up.

"Everythin' war as still as death. 'Twar a calm afore a storm. Strainin' my eyes, I knelt an' lay fur the fust sign o' ther beast. A minute war as long as an hour to me.

"My bones war beginnin' to get stiff with crouchin', an' I hed most made up my mind to get up an' sit down on ther bunk, when another screech fairly lifted me. 'Twar like a thousan' cats yellin' at onst, an I swar it sounded as if ther camp war surrounded by pack o' full growed imps. Ther hull woods echoed an' rung with ther noise.

"Cautious like, I peered out, an' hearin' a swish, swish, up above in thet old pine thar I looked up. On that limb ye see stickin' out straight lay a long-bodied black animal, 'bout ther size o' a big dog.

"Crouchin' flat on his belly, his short ears lyin' flat back, an' his tail sweepin' back an' forrards, back an' forrards 'mong ther leaves, he looked like a cat watchin' a mouse hole. I was the mouse. The wickedest lookin' pair o' eyes I ever seed shone green an' yaller in ther fire-light.

"As I took him in, ther words o' old Gabe (chief of the Milicete Tribe of Indians) come inter my head:

"'Ugh! You want see Injun Devil, eh? Heap big fool. Me see him many moons ago. Me be good for not'in' since.'

"'How's that, Gabe?' I asked him.

"'One day me go t'rough great woods up North. Me come near clearin'; hear someone shout, me tink. Me answer, an' big black cat come jump, jump, t'rough trees. I make fur clearin', he foller in tree, wait him chance an' drop on me. I have n'otin', but knife make him sick p'uty soon. He take to tree 'gain. Me run, an' he foller, jump 'gain. Make him sick 'gain. Soon me come to clearin', hardly kin walk, bleed all over. No good since.'

"'Twar an Injun Devil, boys, an' no mistake.

"'Kinder thinkin' a lead pill'd suit his constitution, I raised ther gun slow, and waited fur a chance to draw a bead on ther ugly lookin' cuss.

"Afore I'd quite settled whar to plink him, down he come plumb at me like a shot out'n a catapult. I let fly, but missed him clean an' clear in th' unsartin' light.

"The windy war too small fur him ter git through, but afore I could git back, he got his claws on one o' my arms, an' left his trade mark. I've got it yet, an' wouldn't part with it fur the world. The arm 'd have ter come off too.

"Jumpin' back, I covered him an' pulled the trigger. Snap! went ther hammer, but no report. Heavens! thar warn't a blessed cartridge in ther magazine, an' my cartridge pouch war outside.

"This diskiv'ry made me desp'rate, an' grabbin' up the axe, I went fur him. Wall! I might as well a tried to strike a shadder. He war like as if made of Injun rubber, an' worked by steel springs. Every time I'd make a slash at him, back he'd leap like a streak of greased lightnin', then zip! he'd come agin. 'Twar lively fur a few minutes.

"By ther time I'd marked up that ugly pictur' o' his'n with ther axe onct or twict, he begun ter fight shy, an' at last bounded inter a tree, an' with a vicious yowl disappeared.

"My breath war comin' in gasps, an' I war 'bout played out. The scart feelin', however, hed left me in th' excitement.

"I war jest tyin' up my arm, which war bleedin' a good deal, an' wonderin' if he war gone fur good, when so'thin' heavy struck ther roof with a thud thet made ther hull shanty rattle. Gee whig! how them cedar splints did fly!

"'How in time am I a goin' to stop him? He'll be through thet thar roof in 'bout a leetle minute,' thought I. Just then a canoe pole lyin' on ther floor caught my eye, and an' idee struck me.

"Quick as I could I tied ther big huntin' knife to ther end o' ther pole. 'Now, old boy,' sez I, 'you're goin' to ketch Hail Columbia.'

"Every time his paw 'd show over an op'nin' I'd harpoon it. My! wasn't he mad. At fust he'd grab ther knife in his teeth an' try ter worry it. He soon giv' thet up. 'Twar kinder hard on his mouth, I reckon.

"Then he took to jumpin' to tother side o' ther roof. I follered him, an' kep him dancin'. Ther pace soon got a leetle too hot fur his nibs, an' he left. I felt sorry then, fur I knowed I hed him beat, an' kinder enjoyed ther game of hide an' seek.

"Every now an' then I could hear a yowl o' pain an' anger, as Mr. Devil slunk away through ther tree tops. I'll bet his paws were sore, an' thet he had ther worst kind o' a toothache from bitin' thet knife blade.

"Not darin' ter go ter sleep fur fear ther treacherous cuss war only 'playin' fox,' I anxiously waited for mornin'. 'Twar a mighty dreary job, but at last it begun ter get light 'nough ter see. Arter takin' a squint at all ther trees, I opened ther door an' went out. Fust thing I did war ter fill my magazine with cartridges, an' it's never been emp'y since.

"Ther roof war a sight, all tore up an' covered with blood. Some o' ther trees war all stained also.

"Next day Jack come over, an' ther two o' us searched high an' low fur signs o' ther critter, but nary a sign could we find. He'd vanished 'way back inter ther bush, I reckon.

"Thet's ther only time I ever seed an 'Injun Devil,' boys, an' I ain't hankerin' arter any further acquaintance ceptin' in daylight, an' with any amount o' ammunition."

"Well, I should say not!" exclaimed Mac, taking a deep breath, and I echoed the sentiment.

The fire was replenished for the night, the camp thoroughly smoked to drive out the mosquitoes, and we all turned in for a good night's rest.

I must confess that many a horrible dream interrupted my repose, and Mac as well, though he never would own up to it, fought all night with wild cats of all shapes and sizes.

The grey light of early morning was just beginning to steal through the woods and into the camp, and the birds were waking up in the branches over-head, when I opened my eyes and stared sleepily around. Mac was still snoring peacefully beside me. Our guide, however, was up, had a fire kindled, and was busily preparing breakfast in readiness for an early start to the fishing-ground.

Having with some difficulty impressed into Mac's sleepy head that it was time we were up, we tumbled out of our bunks, and still half asleep betook ourselves to the brook for a wash. The cold water soon livened us up, and the clear fresh air off the lake aroused a very healthy and vigorous appetite.

"Here! you fellows! Quit thet foolin' an' get outside o' some grub if ye want ter cast a fly afore sunrise," shouted Will, as Mac and I were proceeding to sparr a few rounds for exercise.

We needed no second invitation, I assure you, and the breakfast rapidly disappeared.

"Grab your rods an' come on," said Will, as the last drop of tea vanished. "We've got ter hustle."

A "dug-out" which lay safely hidden beneath the overhanging branches at the brook's mouth was soon hauled out, and cautiously stepping in we shoved off.

Our guide took his position in the stern, and the light craft fairly leaped forward under the vigorous and skillful strokes of his pole.

We proceeded for about half a mile up the lake, keeping close to the shore. Suddenly the canoe shot around a sharp point, and we glided into a small cove. The whole surface of the cove, except a narrow channel in the centre, where the cold water of a spring brook flowed out into the lake, the whole surface of the water was covered with lily pads.

Poling quietly to the edge of the channel we dropped anchor amid the tangled plants and set to work.

A slight mist was rising from the smooth surface of the lake, and numerous concentric ripples marked the presence of fish. As the sun began to peep above the horizon, the trout began leaping in earnest; the water seemed alive with them.

Soon the music sweetest of all to a sportsman's ear was heard.

Swish! goes the rod, and the leader lights gently on the water. Splash! click! click! Whirr-r-r-r! Out spins the line. Then begins the battle. The rod bends and strains, as the fish dashes hither and thither in vain efforts to escape. At last he begins to tire, and you reel him slowly towards the side of the canoe, and landing-net in hand, watch your opportunity. Quickly you land him, and there he lies gasping. You feel like a victorious general returning from a glorious victory.

The sport was fast and furious, and our blood ran high with excitement as we endeavored to beat our neighbor's catch. West, old veteran that he was, easily outstripped Mac and I. The way he would strike and land the largest trout was a revelation to us. Many a laugh did he enjoy at our expense as at a critical moment the fish quietly dropped off, and swam feebly out of sight.

It is really astonishing to note how many "regular whoppers" a green hand will hook and lose in a day's fishing. These invariably come to the surface, flop their tails once, and disappear for ever, taking with them usually a "ten dollars a dozen" fly-hook, as a memento of the occasion. Language more forcible than polite is, I'm afraid, often indulged in about that time.

As the sun mounted higher in the heavens, and the air became warm, the trout refused to be enticed either by the most tempting bait or most gaudy fly, so we tripped anchor, and poled leisurely back to the camp. In the bottom of the canoe we had as fine a lot of trout as it has ever been my lot to see, ranging from one half to two pounds in weight.

For a week we "whipped" the different parts of the lake, and never failed to make a catch. It was one round of sport, for at least two of the party.

All things must have an end, however; so one fine morning we packed up and said good-bye to the old camp.

It is needless for me to dwell on the tramp to the nearest railway, twelve miles away. Suffice it for me to say that two more played-out mortals than Mac and myself never boarded a train.

Pleasure would be too cheap if it were not for the pain undergone to secure it, and would lose all its value.

I would not hesitate to go through the same hardships again for a try at the trout in the same lake.

W. B. M.

COLLEGE EXPENSES AT HARVARD.

The great American Universities are year by year coming into closer relations with our Canadian ones. They are all more or less fully equipped for graduate work, and vie with each other in offering inducements to students entering their classes. The Graduate School is constantly growing in importance, each year bringing fresh recognition of the value of its work. Few Canadian Colleges possess a Graduate Department of any kind, and those who desire to pursue post-graduate studies must seek opportunity elsewhere. Among Universities which offer such training to Canadian students, none other in America is so thoroughly equipped as Harvard. Our students have recognized

this fact. There are fifty-three names upon the roll of the Canadian club at Harvard University, and these men are drawn from every province in the Dominion. Four of us are from McGill, and the probability is that these numbers will steadily increase until the time comes—may it not be long!—when McGill and other Canadian Colleges have Graduate Schools of their own capable of fitting men for any educational or scientific position they may seek.

In view of these facts, it may not be out of place to say a few words about the cost of living at Harvard. Rightly or wrongly, Harvard University has the reputation of being an expensive place. There are two stigmata frequently coupled together by those who speak of the Cambridge University from report—that it is broad in its theological tendencies and "fast" in its social life. The reputation is not newly gained; it is a name of old standing. The University is said to be a place for wealthy men's sons, to whom economy is but a name, where the student of limited means is put to shame before his more opulent class-mates.

Is the charge rightly or wrongly made? I answer both. There are some things necessarily entering into the outlay of every man which render living here more expensive than at many other universities. The term is long, much longer, than is usual at Canadian universities, and all sessional bills must be correspondingly increased. This must not be lost sight of in comparing Harvard with universities whose sessions are a month or two shorter. The fees are also higher than at many colleges, both in Canada and the United States,—$150 a year. The *possibilities* of expensive living are greater here than at the majority of American universities, and this fact must be reckoned with in making an estimate of the average cost of living among students.

That the key-note of social life should be rather highly pitched here is natural. Harvard is an aristocratic place—aristocratic in its traditions if democratic in its present spirit. It is the oldest institution of learning on the continent; its history is woven in with the most significant life of the country, colonial and national; the greatest names of the land own it as their Alma Mater. It is full of tradition and manifold associations, and upon it rests the obligation, proudly owned, to play its part as splendidly as of old. *Noblesse oblige*. These men and these heritages have made it classic, and things classic are not usually had for the asking,—they must be hardly won. To this is to be added that Harvard stands in the midst of a wealthy, long settled community, and within sight of a city of great intellectual culture and decidedly aristocratic tendencies. In such surroundings and with such a history it is natural to expect a high standard of living, not especially in the matter of food and clothing, but in all the accessories which high culture and refinement demand.

In an address delivered a few years ago at the Commencement Dinner, Professor Palmer said: "The ideal of a University should be plain living and high thinking, and certainly there is something vulgar as well as vicious in the man of books who turns away from earning intellectual wealth and indulges in tawdry extravagance. Yet every friend of Harvard is obliged to acknowledge with shame that the loose spender has a place in our yard. I do not think this strange. In fact, I regard it as inevitable. It is necessarily connected with our growth. The old College we might compare, for moral and intellectual range, with a country village; our present University is a great city, and we must accept the many-sided life, the temptations as well as the opportunities, of the great city. Probably nowhere on this planet can a thousand young men be found who will not show examples of the heedless, the temptable and the depraved."

In one sense, then, the charge of costly living is rightly preferred against Harvard; there is such. But the accusation implies more: it means that such expense is unavoidable, or to be avoided only at such cost as makes it preferable to avoid the College altogether. Is this charge also true? Is the man of modest means put to shame at Harvard? Does the fast set of men who chiefly contribute to the reputation of expensiveness at Harvard so dominate the College as to give its tone to student life in general; so that one who cannot emulate their extravagance is humiliated in the presence of his fellows? The charge implies this, and here lies its falsity.

The poor Student is free to live as he sees fit. He may spend the four years of his University life here and scarcely know of the Harvard fast set but by rumor. The University in this regard is a miniature of the greater world beyond it, wherein are all sorts and conditions of men. It is cosmopolitan in its nature, a great hive of the most varied life and interests. Harvard is an impersonal place; here the particular is swamped in the general. The individual is of no consequence to the University; the great tide of life sweeps by regardless of him. Who you are, it cares not; what you are depends upon yourself, and of that it is jealously watchful. It is good for a man thus to learn his place, the littleness of it, yet the security of it. One man cannot dominate the spirit which pervades the place; there are no Cæsars of a great University like Harvard. Nor can a set of men—be it of bloods, or grinds, or sports—impose its criterion of life and living upon the whole body. Even the sets and clubs are but individuals among many. And here lies the guaranty of the poor Student as of the rich. The individual is the only genus at Harvard. The University is not a closed circle in which the structure and changes of each element affect all others; it is a free, unlimited medium in which each body may describe its orbit uninfluenced by those around. The new-comer to Harvard can form his life as he pleases. His mode of living, the nature of his surroundings, the character of his companions, are, like his studies, elective. He is not compelled to rub shoulders to his own discomfiture with those whose incomes are much larger and style of living more expensive than his own. In small colleges this unavoidable contact of all members of the institution with one another makes it much more difficult for the needy Student to live after a different mode from those around him without being

frequently and, to a sensitive nature, most unpleasantly reminded of it. In Harvard this is absent. There is no class line ; and if there be a College tone, it is but the composite of many partial tones. The individual is not compelled to recognize a standard ; he may describe his circle of life as seems best to himself.

These circles are certainly of vastly varying radii ; and the diameter of none perhaps is as short as it might with comparative ease be drawn in some small and unpretentious colleges. There are two or three large items of expenditure which must be reckoned into by everyone who comes to Harvard. The first is the annual tuition fee, $150.00, for each regular student. This admits him to all classes in the University, and includes all charges for instruction except in Laboratory courses, for each of which an additional $5.00 is charged. The endowment of the University is relatively very slender, and for the cost of teaching it looks for payment chiefly to tuition fees and room rent. The latter is a second of the items referred to. There are a dozen college residences, containing in all about 1000 apartments. These are rented to students year by year, the prices varying according to size and position of rooms. Each set consists of study and bed-room, and as a rule they are roomy and convenient. The prices range from $30 to $500 a year ; but not one-third rent for less than $150. This is for the unfurnished room ; the taste and means of students vary within such large limits that no other method could very well be adopted. The student is then at liberty to fit up his room as fancy or the stringency of the money market may dictate. It is possible to furnish a room for $25 ; it is possible to spend as many hundreds.

To live in residence, however, is not the most economical way, except for those who occupy the few low-priced rooms. The economical student prefers to seek rooms in some private house in the vicinity of the College grounds. Since the college residences accommodate little over one-third of the students, it will be seen that in these private lodgings the greater number of Harvard men are to be found. These rooms are of all sizes, prices and degrees of comfort and convenience. They may be had singly or in suites, on the ground floor or up three flights back, as luxurious parlors or meagerly furnished attics. The rates at which they are let cannot be called high ; a modestly furnished room at a distance from the College yard can be had for $35 or $40 per year. Good rooms adjacent to the grounds, with light and heat, cost $90 to $125 ; but excellent double rooms may be rented near by the College for $150, making the cost only $75 if one has a chum.

Many students, especially those who spend only a year or two at Harvard, have the expense of furnishing their rooms greatly lessened by taking advantage of the Loan Furniture Association, which lets the necessary furnishing for a student's room, including crockery, for $7.50 a year.

The cost of living is materially reduced by the various co-operative clubs which have been formed among the officers and students. Foremost among these is the *Memorial Hall Dining Association*, which provides about 1100 students with excellent food at a cost of $4 per week. The management is in the hands of a steward, who has full charge of the purchase, preparation and service of the food. Boarders do not pay a fixed sum per week, but are charged in a sliding scale, which varies with the fluctuations in the price of food-stuffs, the charge for each week being made out on a basis of the cost of the food served during that week. To prevent any tendency to a continued increase in the cost of living, the salary of the steward is also arranged on a sliding scale : that is to say, a certain standard of excellence and variety being required, the steward is entitled to receive from each man who takes his meals there, a levy of ten cents per week for every week during which the charge per man has been kept below $4 As may be imagined, the weekly bills never run above $4. Such a rise would entail a weekly loss of $110 upon the unfortunate steward, who derives the main portion of the income of his important position from the weekly levy thus received. As a matter of fact, the weekly cost does rise slightly above $4 when the weekly tax on certain articles entered as extras are included.

The Foxcroft Club is another such association, which accommodates about 250 persons at its tables. An admission fee of $5 is required from each member. Meals are served by the card,—European style. The food is wholesome, plentiful, and well prepared. Few of the students boarding at the Foxcroft exceed $3.50 per week ; the majority run between $2.50 and $3.25, and some board as cheaply as $2.00 per week. It is possible to live for $1.00 per week at the tables of the Foxcroft without losing weight and with a sufficiency of food at each meal, but the bill of fare, under such circumstances, must be too rigorously limited to suit the desires of an epicure. The following are some of the articles on the order-list of the Foxcroft, with their prices :—

Roast meats	10 cents
Soup	4 "
Vegetables	3 "
Pudding and pies	5 "
Oatmeal, or wheat, and milk	5 "
Eggs, 2, boiled or dropped	8 "
Eggs on toast	10 "
Dry toast, per slice	1 "
White or Graham bread (2 slices)	1 "
Graham gems, rolls, or gingerbread	1 "
Fruit—apples, bananas, grapes, etc.	3 "
Cake—all kinds, per slice	1 "
Glass milk	2 "
Tea, coffee, or cocoa	3 "

At the close of the year the profits accruing after all expenses are paid are returned in dividends to the members of the Club.

In addition to the Foxcroft and Memorial, there are several other clubs, such as the Twenty-one Club and the Breakfast Club, aiming at the same end,—the reduction of the cost of board, which at private tables runs from $6 to $8 per week. The cost of food in Cambridge is thus reduced to an even lower rate than it can usually be procured for in smaller universities.

Secretary Bolles, in one of the University pamphlets,

says: "The annual outlay of an economical student who comes to Cambridge with a good supply of clothing and bed linen is necessarily nearly $400. For tuition he must pay $150; a room, furnished, lighted and warmed, cannot well cost less than $35, even if it be small and inconveniently located; books, stationery and laboratory fees amount to about $20 a year; and washing to at least $15. Wholesome food can be procured for $2.75 a week, although a few students live for a little less. Sundries may reach $40 a year, especially if by living at a distance the student spends a good deal in car fares. Allowing nothing for clothing, these estimates would make the expenses of the first year in College $367. After that they tend to grow larger. Students who are not forced to practise strict economy of course spend more than the sums named. Perhaps a quarter of each class live on less than $600 a year, clothes included; another quarter spend between $600 and $800. Every dollar over $1200 which even the richest student spends is, as a wise writer has said, 'a dollar of danger.' The largest amounts spent by any one student in a year run between $4000 and $5000."

There is another side of the question of meeting expenses at Harvard which the student of limited means may overlook, and which is altogether in Harvard's favor. One means of meeting the expenses of a college course is to reduce its cost by seeking an institution where the rate of living is the lowest; another is to enter a college where such expenses may be defrayed by money earned during the session. No other college in America offers such advantages in this regard as does Harvard. I have spoken of the reduction of liabilities in the matter of food and lodging; a few words as to the raising of assets. In all great universities, tutoring is much in demand, and here it is almost exclusively done by students. In Canada, professional coachers are unknown; here there are but few. The student who desires tutoring seeks it, not from one who depends for his income upon such work, but from advanced students in his own department. A great deal of money is thus earned every year in Harvard. Rates vary from $1.50 to $2.50 per hour, the average being in the neighborhood of $2.00. In some courses *seminars* are held, which net a large sum in a short space of time. These are held by graduates or special students in certain subjects, consist of preparatory grinds based upon a study of previous examination papers in that course, are given to a whole class in common, and occupy two or three hours. A class of fifty to one hundred can be accommodated, and the usual charge is $2 per man.

In addition to tutoring, a large number of men are required each year as monitors. Their work consists in calling the roll and keeping class records. The remuneration runs from $100 to $250 per year.

Proctors are required in all the College residences, and at honor and final examinations. These are reserved for senior graduates: the work is usually light, and nets about $100 a year. Students are also employed in the college offices to do clerical work; the Appleton and other choirs need them if they are singers. A considerable number meet a portion of their expenses by waiting at table at the Foxcroft and private boarding-houses. A good stenographer or typewriter rarely fails to find employment; and those who have appropriate talent derive what income is to be had from journalistic writing.

The work of finding employment for students desiring it is systematically undertaken by the University in its "Information Bureau," established half a dozen years ago, and found of continually increasing service. The Bureau also finds permanent positions for many of those graduating from the College each year. The amount of work obtainable in Cambridge by students is much greater than in smaller university towns, and it is also better paid.

There is still another source to which the student may look for assistance in defraying his college expenses. I refer to the beneficiary funds of the University. These now amount to $90,000 annually, distributed in the College, Graduate and Scientific schools in the form of fellowships, scholarships, bursaries, prizes, and Price Greenleaf Aid. The latter is a loan fund from which assistance is given to needy students practically without interest or security, to be repaid at the student's convenience.

Thus even if we confine our attention to the matter of positive expense, and much more, if that is off-set by the opportunities afforded to earn money during the session, Harvard cannot rightly be called an expensive college to attend. It certainly needs some stamina to gain a foot-hold, and resolution to live plainly and work hard, if the indigent student is to succeed. But the same conditions are present everywhere; and if he is a man of brain and of heart, there is no reason why he should shun the halls of Harvard because his pocket-furnishings are slender. The advice with which Professor Palmer closed his address is still applicable: "When you meet a poor boy, do not rashly urge him to come to Harvard. Estimate carefully his powers. If he is a good boy,—docile, worthy, common-place,—advise him to go somewhere else. Here he will find himself borne down by large expense and the crowd who stand above him. But whenever you meet a poor boy of eager, aggressive mind, a youth of energy, one capable of feeling the enjoyment of struggling with a multitude, and of making his merit known, say to him that Harvard is expressly constituted for such as he. Here he will find the largest provision for his needs and the clearest field for his talents. If the poor man is a man of muscle, the athletic organizations will welcome him; if a man skilled in words, he will be made an editor of the college papers; and if he has the powers which fit him for such a place, the whole body of his class-mates will elect him orator, odist, or poet, without the slightest regard as to whether his purse is full or empty. In short, if he has anything in him,—has he scholarship, brains, wit, companionability, stout moral purpose or quiet Christian character,—his qualities will find as prompt a recognition at Harvard as anywhere on earth."

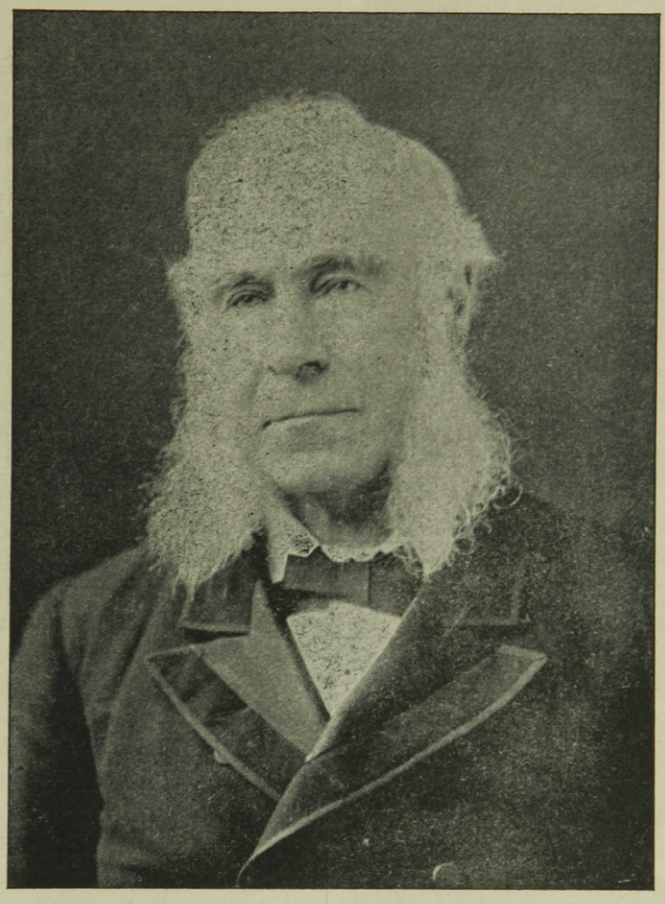
CAMBRIDGE. R. MACDOUGALL.

THE LATE MR. PETER REDPATH.

Three months have barely passed since the FORTNIGHTLY contained a portrait of Mr. Peter Redpath.

This was on the occasion (since fresh in every mind) of his latest and greatest benefaction to the University. None of our readers but remembers the day when, with manly and unaffected modesty, he handed over to the University the beautiful Library building upon which during many months he had so freely bestowed not merely his means, but, what is still more worthy of gratitude, his constant thought and unflagging interest,—pondering every detail, seeking and weighing information on every point, in order that his gift might be as useful and beautiful as it lay in him to make it. Those who saw him active and vigorous upon that day, receiving with Mrs. Redpath the thanks and congratulations of the friends who surrounded them, thought the hope well-grounded, that Mr. Redpath might long live to see and to enjoy the fruition of his generous purposes.

But, towards the close of January, came a letter, expressing the keenest interest in the Library, its working and its readers, yet mentioning that, for some days previous, he had been confined to his room. And on Friday, February 2nd, the cable anounced that Mr. Peter Redpath had passed away the night before.



THE LATE MR. PETER REDPATH.

By his death, the University has met with a severe and, in some respects, irreparable loss. And though his memory will be kept green for generations by his noble benefactions, those who had the privilege of knowing him, even slightly, will long miss the sound advice and kindly encouragement for which none ever turned to him in vain. To his many friends, to his family, and above all to Mrs. Redpath in her great sorrow, we tender our most sincere and respectful sympathy.

The memorial service in the reading-hall of the new Library, on February 6th, was held at 9 o'clock in the morning, so that it might be simultaneous with the service at the home in Chislehurst.

The Rev. Dr. Mackay repeated the Lord's Prayer, after which all present united in singing the hymn, "From every Stormy Wind that Blows."

The Rev. Dr. Mackay then read, with deep feeling and solemnity, appropriate selections from the Scriptures. The 23rd Psalm was sung, and then the Rev. Principal MacVicar spoke as follows:

"We unite this morning at the same hour in which his funeral service is being conducted at Chislehurst, England, in a public tribute of respect and honor to the memory of Mr. Peter Redpath. He was born of godly parents in this city, in 1821, where he received his early education, his business training being completed in England.

"He was a man of good ability, sound judgment,

refined and elevated taste, and excellent culture—a lover of literature and art, and, what is infinitely better, a lover of truth and the God of Truth. He was probably as widely read as most of his mercantile contemporaries.

"After a long and successful career, having retired from business, he removed to England, and devoted several years to the study of law, and was admitted to the Bar as a barrister of the Middle Temple. Both in this city and in the old land he was deservedly called to occupy many positions of trust and responsibility. In business he was uniformly characterized by indefatigable diligence and unswerving integrity. His yea was yea, and his nay, nay. Gentle, amiable, and considerate of the opinions and feelings of others, ever ready to take a broad and generous view of their actions, and yet when purity and principle were concerned he was as firm as a rock. It was vain for those who had sinister ends to serve to attempt to turn him aside from truth and righteousness. In these respects he furnished a notable pattern which young men and all others may do well to imitate.

"As a philanthropist he took rank with the foremost in our land. His benefactions in various forms to McGill University and other public institutions bear witness to his unstinted liberality. The Museum and this Library which bear his name will perpetuate his memory amid the respect and gratitude of generations of students and citizens through coming centuries. He had grace and wisdom given him to adminster his large resources in his lifetime for the good of his fellowmen: and this fact deserves to be emphasized. His last public appearance amongst us was in this very hall three months ago, in the performance of a crowning act of educational usefulness.

"But let it not be supposed that all his benevolence took visible forms like those just mentioned. He was naturally unobtrusive, strongly averse to all ostentatious display and vulgar advertising of the good he purposed or accomplished. His unreported charities were numerous and wisely distributed. He sought to do his alms before God, and not before men to be seen of them. The Father who seeth in secret alone knoweth in what abundant measure he gave help and comfort to others.

"As a Christian, he was devout, conscientious, consistent. His Christianity was a life and character rather than a demonstrative profession. He detested quackery and sham in religion, and he was right. I had opportunities of knowing his views on these matters intimately. For many years he was an exemplary member and office-bearer of "The Free Church, Cotté street," now Crescent Street Church. He served with me there most faithfully as a deacon during my entire pastorate, and was twice elected as an elder, the duties of which office, through his modest estimate of his own ability, he judged himself unable to undertake.

"His simple trust in the word and in the Christ of God was the secret of his meek and quiet spirit, unfailing generosity and sterling worth. And I must add that in all his Christian service and public munificence he was lovingly aided by his partner in life, with whom in her great bereavement we to-day deeply sympathize. Finally, in this hour of sorrow over the removal of one of Montreal's noble benefactors, let us seek through the mediation of Jesus Christ the help of His Holy Spirit, that we may emulate the example of the one whose memory we honor. Amen."

The Rev. Dr. Cornish offered a prayer, giving thanks for the life that had been brought to a close, and imploring strength and comfort for the members of the family in their affliction. The singing of the familiar hymn, "The Sands of Time are Sinking," was followed by the benediction, which was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Murray.

C. H. G.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR JOHN WILLIAM DAWSON.

Sir John William Dawson was born at Pictou, N.S., in 1820. He received his early academic training in the College of Pictou, then one of the best Institutions of higher education in Nova Scotia, and under the principalship of the Rev. Dr. McCulloch. Here, while prosecuting the regular course of study, he made extensive collections in the natural history of his native province, thus early manifesting a taste for original scientific inquiry. While a mere schoolboy he made collections of Carboniferous plants from the beds of shale in his native place, and having procured a microscope, made drawings of hydroids, embryo mollusks and medusæ from the waters of Pictou Harbor, which at a later period he used as illustrations for lectures.

Having finished his course at Pictou, he entered the University of Edinburgh. After a winter's study he returned to Nova Scotia, and devoted himself with ardor to geological research. He was the companion of Sir Charles Lyell during his tour in Nova Scotia, in 1842, and followed up his researches by studies of the Carboniferous rocks of Nova Scotia, on which he contributed his two first published papers to the Geological Society of London.

In the autumn of 1846 he returned to the University of Edinburgh, his special objects of study being now practical chemistry, microscopic examination of fossils, and other subjects, of which he had found the necessity in the original work in which he was engaged. On returning to Nova Scotia he pursued his geological investigations with renewed energy.

In 1847 he was united in marriage to Margaret A. Z. Mercer, youngest daughter of George Mercer, Esq., of Edinburgh—a lady who has been in all respects a helpmeet, and who, by her accomplishments, social qualities and high Christian character, has graced and dignified the public and private life of her husband in all the positions in which he has been placed.

In 1850 he was appointed Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia. This office he held for three years, and rendered valuable service to that province at a time of special interest in the history of its schools and educational institutions. He also took an active part in the establishment of a Normal school in Nova

Scotia, and in the regulation of the affairs of the University of New Brunswick, as a member of the commission appointed by Sir Edmund Head, then Governor of the Province, for that purpose. In connection with these educational labors he published several elaborate reports on the schools of Nova Scotia, and a work on Agricultural Education entitled "Scientific Contributions toward the Improvement of Agriculture," which went through two editions, and was of much practical utility.

In 1855 he was invited at the instance of Sir Edmund Head, who had become Governor General of Canada, to the position which he has recently resigned, that of Principal and Professor of Natural History in McGill College and University, which, situated in Montreal, the commercial capital of Canada, draws its students from all parts of the Dominion. The University has prospered under his management beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends and promoters.

The raising of McGill College to its present position would have been work enough in itself for these years, but in addition to this Dr. Dawson has had under his care the Protestant Normal School. From his position there, he has had much to do with the moulding and controlling of the school system of the country. After many years faithful work, he withdrew (in 1870) from the active duties of the Normal School, retaining, however, a connection with it as Chairman of its Committee of Management.

His special work in connection with the University and the Normal School took up much of that time which would have otherwise been devoted to original investigations in his favorite science, but he has notwithstanding these engagements contributed a large number of original papers to the Geological Society of London, the Natural History Society of Montreal, the Royal Society of London, and the Royal Society of Canada.

A review of his more important scientific labors will show us how much may be done even in the midst of engrossing educational occupations. As early as 1830 Dr. Dawson began to make collections of the fossil plants of the Nova Scotia coal formation. In 1841 he contributed to the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh his first scientific paper, on the species of field-mice found in Nova Scotia. In 1843 he communicated a paper on the rocks of Eastern Nova Scotia to the Geological Society of London; this was followed in 1844 by a paper on the newer coal formation. In 1845, besides exploring and reporting on the iron mines of Londonderry, N.S., he published a paper on the coal formation plants of that province.

During the winter of 1846-'47, while studying in Edinburgh, he contributed to the Royal Society of that city, papers on the "Formation of Gypsum" and on the "Boulder Formation," and an article to Jameson's *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, on the "Renewal of Forests destroyed by Fire." The facts embodied in the last were subsequently employed by him in combating the exaggerated periods of time assigned to such changes by European geologists.

From 1847 to 1849 we find him, with the same never-flagging zeal, pursuing his geological researches, and giving the results to the world in frequent papers. The most important of these are: 1. "On the Triassic Red Sandstones of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island;" 2. "On the Coloring Matters of Red Sandstones;" 3. "On Erect Calamites found near Pictou;" 4. "On the Metamorphic Rocks of Nova Scotia." He also published his "Handbook of the Geography and Natural History of Nova Scotia," and delivered courses of lectures on Natural History and Geology in the Pictou Academy and in Dalhousie College, Halifax, and reported to the Nova Scotia Government on the coal-fields of Southern Cape Breton.

In 1852, in company with Sir Charles Lyell, he made a re-examination of the Joggins section, and visited the remarkable deposit of Albertite at Hillsborough, New Brunswick. A memoir soon appeared on the former district, giving a more full exposition than any previous one of the structure and mode of formation of a coal-field. The Albert Mine was also made the subject of a paper. In the further study of the Joggins section, microscopic examinations were made of coal from all its beds, as well as of coal from other sources, the results being published in papers on the "Structures in Coal" and on the "Mode of Accumulation of Coal."

It was during the visit to the Joggins, just referred to, that the remains of *Dendrerpeton Acadianum* and *Pupa vetusta* were found. With the exception of *Baphetes planiceps*, which Dr. Dawson had discovered in the year previous at Pictou, but had not described, *Dandrerpeton Acadianum* was the first reptile found in the coal formation of America; *Pupa vetusta* was the first known Palæozoic land snail. These discoveries were followed by the finding and describing of several other reptiles, and of the first carboniferous millipede (*Xylobius sigillariæ*). About this time, also, a second report on the Acadia Iron Mine was prepared, and an elaborate series of assays of coal made for the General Mining Association.

In 1855 he published the first edition of his "Acadian Geology," a complete account, up to that date, of the geology of the Maritime Provinces of British North America. In 1856, though now trammelled by the arduous duties incumbent upon the principal of a University, he still continued his geological work in his native province, and prepared a description of the Silurian and Devonian rocks. During the same summer he visited Lake Superior, and wrote a paper and report on the copper regions of Maimanse and Georgian Bay, in which he discussed the geological relations of the then little known copper-bearing rocks of the North Shore of Lake Superior and the origin of the deposits of native copper.

In the two following years he made a number of contributions to the *Canadian Naturalist* and the *Journal* of the *Geological Society*, and commenced the study of the Post-pliocene deposits of Canada. In 1859 his "Archaia," or studies of creation in Genesis, appeared, a work showing not only a thorough knowledge of Natural History, but also considerable familiarity with the Hebrew language and with biblical literature.

In 1860 Dr. Dawson issued a supplementary chapter

to his "Acadian Geology." He also continued his work in fossil botany and in the Post-pliocene, publishing several papers on these subjects, as well as desultory researches on such subjects as the "Flora of Mount Washington," "Indian Antiquities at Montreal," "Marine Animals of the St. Lawrence," "Earthquakes in Canada," "Classification of Animals," etc.

In 1863 he issued his "Air-Breathers of the Coal Period," a complete account of the fossil reptiles and other land animals of the coal of Nova Scotia. This publication was followed, in 1864, by a "Hand-book of Scientific Agriculture." It was in 1864, moreover, that Dr. Dawson made what may be considered as one of the most important of his scientific discoveries—that of *Eozoon Canadense*. This fossil had already been noticed by Sir William Logan, but Dr. Dawson, to whom Sir William submitted his specimens, was the first to recognize its Foraminiferal affinities, and to describe its structure. Previous to this the rocks of the Laurentian age were looked upon as devoid of animal remains, and called "Azoic." Dr. Dawson now substituted the term "Eozoic."

In 1865 Dr. Dawson, at the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham, gave illustrations of his researches on the "Succession of Palæozoic Floras," the "Post-pliocene of Canada," and the "Structure of Eozoon."

In 1868 appeared the second edition of "Acadian Geology," enlarged to nearly 700 octavo pages, with a great number of illustrations from the author's drawings, and which still remains the standard work on the geology of the Maritime Provinces, while it also treats of many of the more difficult problems of general geology.

While in England, in 1870, Dr. Dawson lectured at the Royal Institution. He also read a paper on the "Affinities of Coal Plants" before the Geological Society, and one on the "Devonian Flora" before the Royal Society. The same year his "Handbook of Canadian Zoology" appeared, being followed in 1871 by a "Report on the Silurian and Devonian Flora of Canada," and a "Report on the Geological Structure of Prince Edward Island," in which he was ably assisted by Dr. Harrington. His studies of the Devonian plants were begun as early as 1858, and Gaspé, St. John's, and Perry in Maine, were twice visited in order to collect material to aid in their prosecution.

His "Notes on the Post-pliocene of Canada" were published in 1873. From them we learn that the number of known species of Post-pliocene fossils had been raised, principally by his labors, from about thirty to over two hundred. We also find that Dr. Dawson is still what he has always been, a staunch opponent to the theory of general land glaciation. "The Story of the Earth and Man," issued in 1873, was a republication of papers published in the *Leisure Hour* in 1871 and 1872. It gives a popular view of the whole of the Geological ages, presented in a series of word-pictures, and with discussions of the theories as to the origin of mountains, the introduction and succession of life, the glacial period and other controverted topics. A report on the "Fossil Flora of the Lower Carboniferous Coal Measures of Canada," and communications to the Geological Society of London, on the probable Permian age of beds overlying the coal-measures of Nova Scotia, and also occurring in Prince Edward Island; on recent facts as to the mode of occurrence of Eozoon in the Laurentian rocks, and on the Phosphates in the Laurentian rocks, are still more recent labors. A course of six lectures delivered in New York in the winter of 1874-75 has been largely circulated both in America and England, under the title "Science and the Bible;" and in 1875 there also appeared in London and New York a popular illustrated *résumé* of the facts relating to Eozoon and other ancient fossils, entitled "The Dawn of Life." In 1882, an elaborate paper on the "Results of Recent Explorations of Erect Trees containing Animal Remains" appeared in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, with 9 plates. It was the completion of the work of years in exhuming and studying the remains contained in the erect Sigillariæ of the Nova Scotia coal formations. At the Detroit meeting of the American Association, Prof. Dawson, as Vice-President of Section B, delivered an address, in which he vigorously combated the doctrine of evolution as held by its more extreme supporters.

Dr. Dawson was elected a Fellow of the Geological Society of London in 1854, and of the Royal Society in 1862. He is a Master of Arts of Edinburgh, and Doctor of Laws of McGill; and is an Honorary Fellow of the Edinburgh Geological Society, an Honorary Member of the Philosophical Society of Glasgow, of the Academy of Sciences of New York, of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, of the Philosophical Society of Leeds, of the Philosophical Society of Princeton, of the Boston Society of Natural History, and of the Maryland Academy; and is a Fellow or Corresponding Member of several other Scientific societies in various parts of the world.

In 1883, he read before the Royal Society of Canada a memoir on the Cretaceous Floras of the N.W. Territories, which was published with seven quarto plates in its Transactions, and a continuation with four plates appears in the volume of the Transactions, now in the press, followed by several papers in continuation in the same Transactions.

In 1882, he received the Lyell medal of the Geological Society of London, an honor doubly grateful to him as bearing the name of his early patron and friend.

In the same year he was selected by the Marquis of Lorne, Governor General of Canada, to organize the Royal Society of Canada and to be its first President, and in this capacity he had to gather around the Society in friendly and united action the leading scientific and literary men of the different provinces of the Dominion and of the English and French nationalities. In this his extensive personal acquaintance with the prominent men of all parts of the Dominion gave him great advantages; and the undertaking was successfully accomplished and the Society has so far been vigorous and harmonious, and its work and publications have been creditable to Canada. It was after the or-

ganization of the Royal Society that, at the recommendation of the Governor General, he was created C. M. G.

In 1882, he was the President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which includes the scientific men of Canada as well as of the United States among its members and officers; and in his address as retiring President at the Minneapolis meeting took up and discussed with much vigor and originality the subject of Unsolved Problems in Geology.

In the early part of 1883 he made a hasty tour along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway as far as the Rocky Mountains, and published his geological observations in the Journal of the Geological Society, in advance of the expected meeting of the British Association in Montreal. In the autumn of the same year, he attended the meeting of the British Association at Southport, and with Sir Charles Tupper represented Canada in the invitation then formally accepted by the Association. At the meeting and subsequently in the council meetings in Toronto, he took an active part in promoting the arrangements for the meeting, and in meeting the various difficulties which necessarily arose in connection with the new departure. In the winter of 1883-84, he travelled in Egypt and the East, and returned with stories of facts respecting the geology of these countries, some portions of which he has already published in the Geological Magazine, the Transactions of the Victoria Institute and his little book on the relations of the Physical Geography of Egypt and Syria to Bible History, more fully published in 1888, in a volume entitled "Modern Science in Bible Lands." In the spring of 1884, he was present at the Tercentenary of the University of Edinburgh, and received *the degree of LL.D.* from his Alma Mater. In the autumn of the same year, on occasion of the meeting of the British Association in Montreal, he received the honor of *knighthood.*

In 1886, Sir William was President of the British Association at its meeting in Birmingham, England, taking for the subject of his Presidential Address, "The Geological History of the North Atlantic."

From 1886 to 1892 Sir William, feeling the approach of age and infirmity, and that not many years of activity remained, was much occupied with efforts to bring to successful completion various enterprises connected with the University, so as to be able to have it in as complete a condition as possible, and in preparing for the press his works, "Salient Points in the Science of the Earth" and the "Canadian Ice-Age," —both intended to sum up his labors in different directions.

In the midst of these efforts—too great, perhaps, for his remaining strength, and impeded by several unforeseen delays and accidents—he was stricken down by an attack of pneumonia, on recovery from which it became necessary practically to relinquish all his educational engagements. Should he be granted a few more years of life, he hopes to devote these mainly to scientific and Christian work.

The following are the more important popular works of which Sir William Dawson is the author, and many of which have gone into several editions:—

Acadian Geology, pp. 694, and Appendix, 100, 8vo.
The Origin of the World, pp. 452.
The Story of the Earth, pp. 408.
Fossil Men, pp. 354.
The Chain of Life in Geological Time, pp. 274.
Life's Dawn on Earth, pp. 239.
Nature and the Bible, pp. 256.
Facts and Fancies in Science, pp. 238.
Modern Science in Bible Lands, pp. 606.
The Geological History of Plants, pp. 220.
Some Salient Points in the Science of the Earth, London, 1893, pp. 499.
The Canadian Ice Age, 1844, Montreal, pp. 300.

In colonial communities, men are often called on to play many parts, and this has given a varied character to the pursuits of the object of this sketch. His early researches prosecuted in the Carboniferous districts of Nova Scotia naturally led him to the study of fossil plants and of the land animals associated with him, and to these pursuits he has always returned whenever possible throughout his life. He used his position as Superintendent of Education, in which capacity he had to visit nearly every part of his native province, to forward his geological pursuits; and when he transferred his residence to Montreal, the necessities of a geological teacher in the midst of Silurian and Laurentian districts obliged him to attend to those formations. At the same time, the interesting Pleistocene formations of the St. Lawrence Valley attracted his attention in connection with early studies of the marine animals of the St. Lawrence, many of which he had collected and studied miscrospically almost in his boyhood, and when little attention was given to such pursuits in educational institutions. Still later his studies of fossil plants have been extended into the valuable material collected in the Cretaceous rocks of the Western Territories, more especially by his son, Dr. George M. Dawson. With all this he has been an educational administrator, a teacher, a popular lecturer and writer, and a worker in religious and benevolent enterprises.

It may truly be said of Sir William Dawson, "*nihil leligit quod non ornavit*," and of those who have been associated with him, and of the hundreds of students during his 38 years connection with McGill College, it may be recorded:

"*None knew him but to love him,*
None name him but to praise."

SAXON WORDS.*

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words, your spells are round us thrown;
Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams with a music all your own;
Each one in its own power a host to fond remembrance brings
The earliest, brightest aspect back of life's familiar things.

* Most of our domestic words—words expressive of objects which daily attract our attention——are from the Saxon. Of the sixty-nine words which comprise the Lord's Prayer, only five are not Saxon.

Yours are the *hills*, the *fields*, the *woods*, the *orchards* and the *streams*,
The *meadows* and the *bowers* that bask in the sun's rejoicing beams;
Mid them our childhood's years were kept, our childhood's thoughts were rear'd,
And by your household tones its joys were evermore endear'd.

We have roamed since then where the myrtle bloom'd in its own unclouded realms,
But our hearts return with changeless love to the brave old Saxon *elms;*
Where the laurel o'er its native streams of a deathless glory spoke,
But we passed with pride to the later fame of the sturdy Saxon *oak*.

We have marvelled at those mighty piles on the old Egyptian plains,
And our souls have thrilled to the loveliness of the lovely Grecian fanes;
We have lingered o'er the wreck of Rome, with its classic memories crown'd,
But these touched us not as the mouldering walls with the Saxon *ivy* bound.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words! they bear us back with pride
To the days when Alfred ruled the land by the laws of Him that died;
When in our spirit, truly good and truly great, was shown
What earth has owed, and still must owe, to such as him alone.

There are tongues of other lands that flow with a softer, smoother grace,
But the old rough Saxon words will keep in our hearts their own true place;
Our household hearths, our household graves, our household smiles and tears
Are guarded, hallowed, shrined by them—the kind, fast friends of years.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words, your spells are round u thrown;
Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams with a music all your own;
Each one, in its own power a host, to fond remembrance brings
The earliest, brightest aspect back of life's familiar things.

TO "A SWEET GIRL GRADUATE."

Maiden Academic,
With a gown severe,
Could I ever venture
To adore you, dear.

Ah! I am astonished.
What do I see there?
Surely 'tis a rosebud
In your raven hair.

So, my learned lady,
You can love a rose
Just as well and truly
As your Latin prose.

Heart of Aphrodite,
With Athene's brow,
You can love the rose,
I can love *you* now.

L. McMILLAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the McGILL FORTNIGHTLY.

The Committee acting as judges of the five stories written in competition for the prizes offered by the McGILL FORTNIGHTLY report that, in their opinion, the tale entitled *A Camp Story of the New Brunswick Lumber Woods* is superior to the others, and recommend that its writer receive a prize of ten dollars.

CHAS. E. MOYSE.
JOHN COX.
J. G. ADAMI.

MONTREAL, January 27, 1894.

LAW DINNER.

Anyone who happened to be loafing in the Rotunda of the Windsor at 7.30 p.m. on Monday last might well have wondered what caused the assemblage of so many good-looking young men arrayed in evening attire, who were on view at that time; however, his amazement at such a galaxy of male beauty would have ceased when he was informed that these were the Students in the Faculty of Law, a most exceedingly studious and modest body of men, who had temporarily wrenched their minds away from Roman Law and Civil Procedure, and having also banished all thought of Court Records and Plumitiffs had met to celebrate their annual banquet. Yes, strange as the metamorphosis may seem, these were the same men who may be seen any time soon after the late dawn of a winter's morning hastening to lectures with a hungry look in their eyes, as of those seeking for information, and with the thirst for knowledge and other things which characterizes the law student.

It must have been of these men whom Chaucer was thinking when he says of his clerk of Oxford:

> "For him was levere have at his beddes heed
> "Twenty bokes clad in blak or reed
> "Of Aristotle and his philosophye
> "Than robes riche, or fithele or gay santrye."

However, as the worthy old poet himself loved good and pleasant society and to sit at the festive board, for, as he himself tells us, "his abstinence was little," he would probably have smiled graciously, could he have beheld the descendants of his prototype seated around the tastily decorated tables in the Windsor, enjoying the delicacies which the menu set forth, while a glance at the head table occupied by two judges, the Dean and Prof. McGoun, to say nothing of the awe-inspiring dignity of the chairman, would have assured *Mr.* Chaucer that the younger men were being brought up in the way they should go.

It is generally supposed that the law student is too busy to eat, and this may account for the silence which prevailed over the first part of the evening, broken only by some mysterious sound like "t'clop," which examination proved to be the result produced by the combination of a waiter, peculiar shaped glass affairs and funny-looking instruments of twisted steel which none of us had ever seen before.

Here and there scattered among the students were seen others older in years if not in looks, who seemed less startled by the mysterious sounds just referred to; these were they who were "not lost but gone before" McGill graduates, already admitted to the bar.

A further inspection would have revealed three people at that dinner who looked just a trifle worried and anxious, although they boasted an extra decoration of McGill ribbon: the haggard faces belonged to the committee, for in spite of their efforts, fate seemed against them.

In the first place, and speaking seriously, they in common with all the McGill Students felt the universal sorrow at the death of one of our Alma Mater's greatest friends, and, had circumstances permitted it, would have postponed the dinner to a future occasion; again, the sad news that the brother of one of our most esteemed professors, Judge Doherty, had that day been taken from him, cast an additional shade over the evening. Various other causes, business and illness, prevented some of our other professors from being with us, and deep regret was felt when the Secretary announced that Mr. W. C. Macdonald would be unable to be present on that evening. However, his absence did not cause forgetfulness, and no more ringing cheers were given during the evening than those which accompanied the toast of our benefactor, and the applause which followed Dean Trenholm's suggestion of naming the Faculty the "W. C. MacDonald School of Law" showed that our students are not wanting in gratitude.

After the toast to the Queen had been honored, Mr. Patterson, '95, proposed the Alma Mater, which was received in a way that students alone can receive such a toast. Mr. Topp very kindly consented to reply in the absence of the acting principal, and although called on without warning, did full justice to his subject.

It did not take Mr. Walsh, '94, long to set the assemblage laughing heartily over his well worded and witty speech in proposing the health of the "Dean and Professors," and at his excellent advice for the guidance of themselves and their future successors among the Undergrads. The reception which the Dean received on arising to reply must have showed him that, although we may be troublesome sometimes, and occasionally disturb a lecture by coming in late and wanting to leave early, he nevertheless holds a big place in our hearts and receives the respect which his many good qualities call for. Opening with a simple yet touching reference to the late Mr. Redpath, he regretted that the students and professors had not thought of uniting in offering him some visible sign of their deep appreciation of his generosity, and this led him to speak of our own benefactor, and he then reviewed briefly the history of the Faculty.

Prof. McGoun followed him as "counsel for the defence," and fully justified the expectations formed of a good speech.

Mr. Mullin, '96, proposed the Bench and Bar, and when the toast had been duly honored, Mr. Justice Davidson made a splendid speech in reply, and Messrs. Martin, Greenshields and Hibbard then spoke for the bar. When Judge Jetté arose to reply to Mr. Sheridan's well worded proposal of Laval University, the "boys" did their level best to express in a quiet way their delight at having the Dean of the Faculty of Law in Laval in their midst, and the three rousing cheers which followed his reply showed clearly how strong the feeling of good-fellowship between the two Faculties is.

The two Laval representatives, Messrs. Mondou and Beaubien, spoke on behalf of the students.

The toast of "Sister Faculties" called for answers from Messrs. Bond of Arts, Wolf of Medicine, and Duff of Applied Science.

In Mr. White's absence, the chairman called on Mr. Doucet to propose the Graduating Class, and brief speech and touching allusion to the illustrious Pothier was supplemented by a few remarks from Mr. V. E. Mitchell.

Mr. A. G. Jones thoroughly deserved the many congratulations since proffered him on the manner in which he upheld the year of "ninety-four," and he may lay claim to having made *the* undergraduate speech of the evening. Peal after peal of laughter followed the many modest claims of virtue and general excellence which he made on behalf of his year, and when he wittily exonerated his year from any blemish in himself or his appearance, the Ladies Ordinary fairly rang with applause.

However, as he said, the "hour was getting late," and the guests withdrew, and after a waltz, cotillion and a fancy dance from Mr. Beaubien, the somewhat sleepy porters were kept busy handing out overcoats and caps, and the Committee, looking now relieved and happy, were congratulating themselves that it was "not so bad after all."

The Committee was composed of:

Mr. G. W. MacDougall, B.A., '94.
" J. H. Dunlop, '94.
" S. Carmichael, B.A., '95.
" V. Evelyn Mitchell, '96.

SOCIETIES.

DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of this Society was held on Thursday afternoon, February 1st. After the discussion of business matters, one or two items of interest to the Society were announced.

Owing to the unforeseen and unavoidable absence of members from the meeting, Miss Jackson and Miss Craig, on very short notice, consented to read essays. Miss Jackson chose as subject: Analogies between Tennyson's In Memoriam and the Bible; while Miss Craig read an essay on Sympathy, which, if strictly philosophical, was no less interesting.

There was a new departure in the method of handling the impromptu debate that followed, half the members ranging themselves on one side, and the remainder on the other. The subject: Pursuit is more pro-

side was upheld in a very able manner by Messrs. J. C. Stuart, R. H. Rogers and Graham '96, while the negative side was maintained just as ably by Messrs. McNaughton '95, Mallinson '97, and McBean, Science '96. The debate was interesting throughout, and so closely contested that the decision was given in favor of the affirmative side by a majority of only one.

Mr. Ireland gave a witty and helpful criticism of the proceedings and speeches. The men would do well to remember some of the suggestions he made. The Society adjourned for two weeks.

Y. W. C. A.

On Friday, Feb. 9th, after the usual devotional exercises, the question as to the advisability of sending a delegate to the Convention to be held at Detroit on Feb. 28th was discussed. The wish to send a representative was almost unanimous, but the lack of funds was felt to be a serious consideration.

It was decided to try what could be done in the way of raising the necessary money by a special effort, report to be made to a secretary-treasurer (*pro tem.*) on Monday.

$15.00 have been collected, and there is every reason to believe that the remainder will be handed in in the course of a day or two.

A special meeting will be held immediately for the purpose of choosing someone to represent the Y.W.C.A. of McGill at Detroit.

It is the hope of the Society that the one elected will see her way clear to give up the time that the acceptance of such a trust would entail.

THE MISSION BAND.

The annual meeting of the Mission Band was held on Tuesday evening, 6th inst., in Arts class room No. 1. The President, R. O. Ross, B.A., read the report of the Executive Committee, which showed that fairly satisfactory progress had been made during the past year. Some members of the Band had finished their collegiate course during the year, and were already engaged in foreign mission work in various parts of the heathen world; but their places in the Band were taken by others who had decided to serve the Master in these neglected parts of His vineyard. A number of meetings had been held for Bible study, and for the reading of papers on appropriate subjects. Some of these meetings deserved a larger attendance, but, considering the many demands made on a student's time, the complaint could not be pressed too strongly.

After some discussion as to the future working of the Band, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Pres., P. Leslie, Med. '95; Vice-Pres., Mr. Mallinson, Arts '97; Rec. Sec., Mr. Boyce, Theol. Wesleyan College; Cor. Sec., A. Mahaffy, Theol. Presby. Coll.

WHAT? WHERE? WHEN?

NOTE.—Items for this column must be in the hands of the Editor by 7.30 P.M. on Saturday.

FRIDAY, FEB. 16TH.

Arts Conversazione. Wm. Molson Hall. 8 p.m.
Y. W. C. A. Prayer Meeting. East Wing, 5.05 p.m.
Wesleyan Literary Prayer Meeting. Ferrier Hall, 7 p.m.

SATURDAY, FEB. 17TH.

Y. M. C. A. Bible Class. 1st and 2nd years Arts, 11.30 a.m.

SUNDAY, FEB. 18TH.

Y. M. C. A. Meeting. City Association Building, 2 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21ST.

Hockey Match. Maple *vs.* McGill, Victoria Rink.
App. Sci. Glee Club. Engineering Building, 5 p.m.
Y. M. C. A. Bible Class. Science, 5 p.m.
Veterinary Med. Society. 6 Union Ave., 8 p.m.
Editorial Board. Fraser Institute, 7:30 p.m.

THURSDAY, FEB. 22ND.

Delta Sigma Society. East Wing, 4 p.m.

FRIDAY, FEB. 23RD.

Y. W. C. A. Prayer Meeting. East Wing, 5.05 p.m.
Wesleyan Literary Society. Ferrier Hall, 7 p.m.
Y. M. C. A. Prayer Meeting. Arts Building, 7.15 p.m.
Undergraduates Literary Society. Arts Building, 8 p.m.
Students' Meeting Can. Soc. C.E., 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, FEB. 24TH.

Y. M. C. A. Bible Class. 1st and 2nd years Arts, 11.30 a.m.
Editorial Board. Fraser Institute, 7.30 p.m.
Medical Society. Medical Building, 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, FEB. 25TH.

Y. M. C. A. Meeting. City Association Building, 2 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28TH.

App. Sci. Glee Club. Engineering Building, 5 p.m.
Y. M. C. A. Bible Class. Science, 5 p.m.
Classical Club. East Wing, 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1ST.

McGill Mining Society. Old Science Building, 7.30 p.m.
Delta Sigma Society, 4 p.m.

CLASS REPORTS.

MEDICAL CLASS REPORTS.

Mr. C. G. L. Wolf, B.A., represented this Faculty at the Law Dinner held on the 5th inst.

Jokes are rather infrequent this time of year. The cerebral cells seem to be suffering from atrophy due to over-use. Is this the reason, or can it be that some of our class reporters have been lost in the recent snowstorm?

Mr. F. B. Carron, of the Third Year, who has been seriously ill, is now out of danger and rapidly improving.

The walking record from the R.V.H. to the M.G.H. is 16′ 46¾″.

Facial paralysis is epidemic in the Fourth Year. Cause—posing at Walford's. Shall we know each other there?

A new remedy in Phtheiriasis is rubbing lysol over the affected part!

Dr. Mortimer Haight, Class of '93, has taken unto himself a helpmeet. He has a lucrative practice at New Durham, Ont.

Mr. William Oliver, B.A., has been elected Faculty Editor of the FORTNIGHTLY for next session. Mr. A. F. Edwards represents us on the Business Board.

Sam. Stingy (*meeting physician of his acquaintance*) "Say, Doctor, what would you do for a bad cold?"

Doctor.—"Sir, I would consult some reputable physician."

S. S.—"I suppose, Doctor, you couldn't tell me where to find one, could you?"

Dr. Aylen of the M. G. H., we regret to say, is ailin' with an attack of Scarlet Fever. It is to be hoped that he will soon be restored to health and strength.

The Meds. have elected Arthur Gun, '95, to represent them at the great Missionary Convention, Detroit, Feb. 28 to March 4.

It took about 1 minute to reach this conclusion, and another three to raise more than enough for expenses.

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE CLASS REPORTS.

At a meeting of the subscribers of the FORTNIGHTLY in this Faculty, held on the 8th inst., Mr. C. H. Zink, jun., was elected as representative on the Editorial Board, and by a large majority it was decided to retain Mr. J. C. Cutting on the Business Board.

Dr. Plaskett's paper read before the Veterinary Medical Association brought forth considerable discussion among the members. The concensus of opinion among the final men is that he was mistaken in his diagnosis. It is to be regretted that he was unable to hold a *post mortem*.

Dr. A. W. Tracy, class of '93, was a recent visitor at the College.

Now that the ice races are over, Harry intends to work,—at least so he says.

Wanted:—Two young men from the First Year. Apply to Mr. Kee, Chinese Laundry, Dorchester street.

One of the boys advises the reporter not to wear his College colors in such an inconspicuous place as he did the other evening.

Mr. E. J. Cary represented this Faculty at the Law Dinner.

The Veterinary Medical Association have postponed their meetings to allow the members to attend the Somerville course.

No one appeared to enjoy the meeting on Thursday night more than the two "chappies" in the back seat.

ARTS NOTES.

The Students in the Academical department feel in an especial manner the loss McGill has experienced in the death of the late Mr. Peter Redpath, since his magnificent bequests have been and are of special service to the Students in Arts. As a tribute of respect to his memory, the Arts' Conversazione has been postponed until the 16th inst.

We are pleased to see that Mr. Lambly, president of the Literary Society, who has been ill for some time, is again able to attend lectures.

The members of the Fourth Year are having the class photograph taken by Notman this year.

It is well that our Latin should be kept up to date; with that end in view, we may give the following:—

Tu premis umbonem, cetera nos facimus.

The Artsmen have elected Mr. Reginald H. Rogers to represent them upon the Editorial Board of the FORTNIGHTLY next session, while Mr. S. J. Archibald will be their representative on the Business Board.

The debate between representatives of Knox College, Toronto, and of the Presbyterian College of this city, which took place in the David Morrice Hall on the 2nd inst., proved to be a very interesting event. Montreal was again victorious.

Mr. P. T. Lafleur, M.A., has consented to deliver a lecture to the members of the Literary Society at the last meeting of the Society for this session.

A Convocation without a Valedictory will be quite a change. We must have something; probably Sir Donald will ask some Senior "to pronounce the benediction."

It is too bad that the Normal School is so far from the University. The distance, doubtless, prevents many from attending the very interesting and instructive courses of lectures in Pedagogy which are being delivered by Dr. Robins.

Scores of men, young and old, were disappointed to learn the other day, through the daily press, that the University extension course of lectures to be delivered by Professor Cox, under the auspices of the city Y. M. C. A., had been indefinitely postponed.

The meetings which are being held in the city by Mr. Mills and his helpers are attracting a large number of students. It is encouraging to see so many Partials taking such a deep interest in the meetings, but we are afraid that many of them attend from motives not wholly disinterested; many seem to consider that the meetings constitute an excellent course in Homiletics, and act accordingly. From the number of pencils and note-books to be seen in the front seats, we are led to hope that though we may not be able to attend the meetings regularly ourselves, we will a some future time get all Mr. Mills' ideas *improved*.

The row that is raised by a few thoughtless students in the hall of the Arts building, when the bell is rung for morning prayers, is a disgrace to the Students in Arts and Applied Science. It is to be hoped that the better-thinking students will show their disapproval so emphatically that the caddish and cowardly uproar may never occur again.

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

We are glad that Professor Cox is able to be with us. once more, and hope he will be quite well before long

Speaking of college work, we are inclined to think that the "centre of pressure" is found in his course; just about ⅔ down.

The reading-room in the Library, which has been given up to the exclusive use of the ladies, is at times so over-crowded that some of them have been obliged to take seats in the general reading-room, to the satisfaction of those crowded out.

The upper room, although so pleasant (and for the most part comfortable), has its draw-backs in being so far removed not only from the reference shelves, but from the library proper. While they were within easy reach of the books it was hardly realized how the reading of one book so often called for a reference to three or perhaps four others. The inspiration which the proximity of well-known books imparts is also lost to them.

Miss F. A. Botterell has been chosen to represent the Donaldas on the Editorial Board of the FORTNIGHTLY for the coming year, and Miss Hammond will represent the Business Board. We feel that the interests of this department will not be neglected with two such enthusiastic members to represent it.

Prof. — "Ladies, I would like you to hand in your essays just as you write them—quite flat."

Remark.—No essays have been given in yet.

Does E..... always carry her breakfast in her muff?

Lecturer—"There is a note-book found in the building which I think belongs to one of the ladies. You can get it after the lecture."

Junior, examining the book—"What miserable rubbish is in this book. It must belong to some of the men." Then suddenly: "Why, its mi.... ." and goes off with the book, looking very uncomfortable.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

The Freshmen were photographed the other day. The two or three members of '95 who were noticed in the background evidently wished to be seen in good company for once.

It's only a case of d.t., as one of our Profs. remarked the other day.

(This is a scientific joke.)

Even the Faculty are beginning to notice that the St. Urbain st. Soph "lays in a bountiful supply."

Surely the Second Year man who plays for bamannos was on a wild-goose chase.

A snowball throwing competition is spoken of for '95. Odds are heavy on T——m, who has lately spent much of his valuable time practising.

Third Year student:—"What is the use of all these complicated formulæ?"

Prof:—"Oh! no use in particular."

The Third Year have taken in hand the annual dinner to the Graduating Class. They hope to be well backed up by the other two years.

We trust that the '95 miner will improve his "last chance," and *ask with* more caution the next time a Prof. excites his curiosity.

Fair Visitor:—"Is that the Editor? Oh, do let us get away; he might put something in the FORTNIGHTLY about us."

Hydraulic's Problem:—

If H be the handle,
And S be the spout,
Find out how fast
The water comes out.

N.B.—Extra marks for supplying data which are not given.

Overheard on the Avenue: Donalda—"I think I shall get married next summer, but in the meantime I must make some money." The question of Women's Rights is evidently assuming a new phase.

An interesting paper on the "Metamorphic Areas of Keewatin" was read at the third Students Meeting of the Can. Soc. C.E., on Friday the 9th, by Mr. J. C. Gwillim, '96. The meeting was well attended. Mr. Cunningham occupied the chair.



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At a meeting of the four years on Monday the 4th inst., Mr. W. A. Duff, President of '94, was elected as representative to the Law Dinner. The good work which Mr. W. F. Angus has done on the Business Board of the FORTNIGHTLY was acknowledged by his re-election, while Mr. H. M. Jaquays, B.A., was chosen as the representative of Science on the Editorial Board for next year.

Reading Notes.

Students, teachers and physicians get Turkish baths at half price, at the Turkish Bath Institute in this city. Travellers say that nowhere in Europe can you get a better bath.

Medical men generally are now recommending the Turkish Bath for the general health, and more especially for rheumatism, coughs and colds. It is a very pleasant remedy.

Gentlemen have the early morning, afternoon and evening hours. The bath is conveniently situated, being on St. Monique at the foot of McGill College Avenue.

A very fine upright piano is now on view in L. E. N. Pratte's piano warerooms, No. 1676 Notre Dame street. The case is in Brazilian rosewood, natural color, and has been manufactured at L. E. N. Pratte's factory. As to its musical qualities, it is only necessary to mention that it is an exact duplicate of the instrument sold and delivered last week to Prof. R. O. Pelletier, organist to St. Peter's Cathedral, for his personal use as well as that of his advanced pupils.

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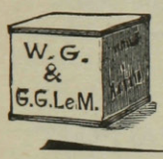
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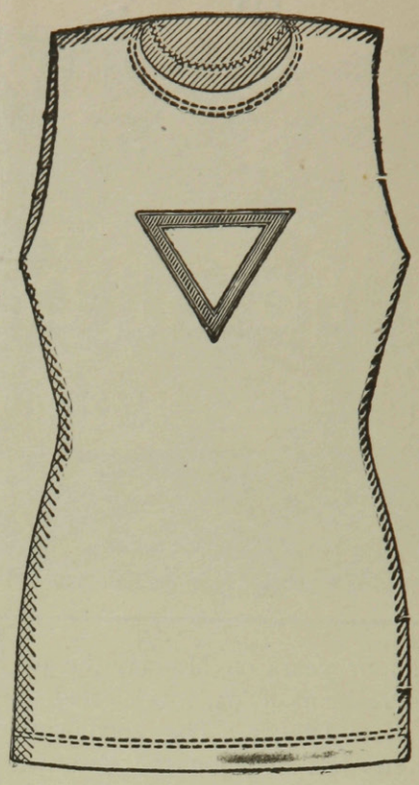
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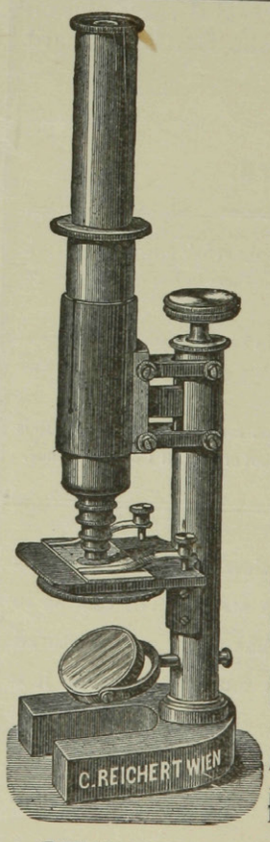
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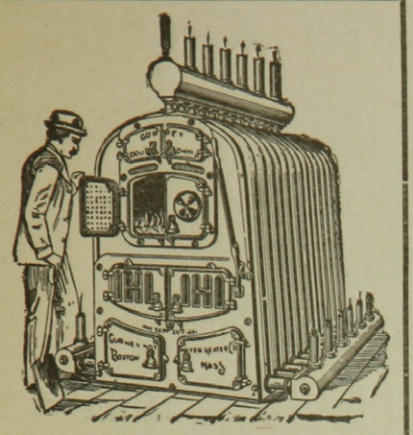
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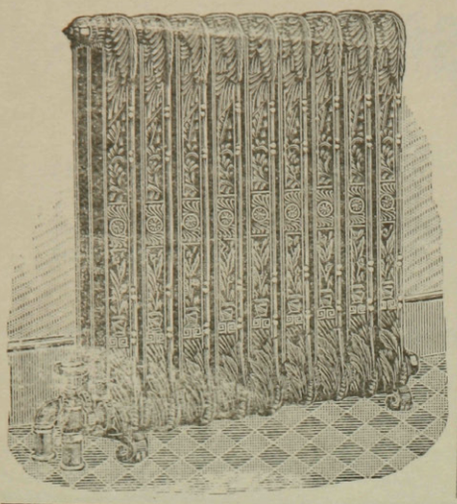
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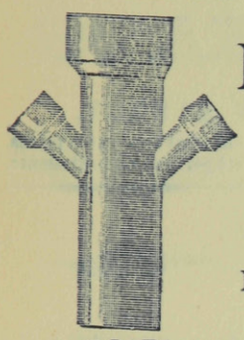
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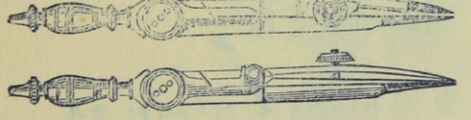
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